

## And Apollo Smiled

by Victor C. Goldbloom

The author of this story is the winner of the five dollar War Savings Certificate offered for the best creative effort.

**A** POLLO, patron diety of poetry and music, looked down from Mount Olympus on the placid, winding Seine rippling westward through the gathering dusk. It pleased him to set the stars twinkling on and off as he watched their dancing images in the water. It was Christmas eve, and 1841 was fast waning into history; and Apollo smiled. And as he smiled, a warm and comfortable glow filled his being; suddenly he rose, conjured a giant broom from the folds of his robe, and set vigorously about sweeping snowdrifts off the nearest cloud.

Gradually night enveloped the sprawling city below, and the snowflakes eddied silently towards the cacophonous melody welling from the narrow streets. Paris knew no more attractive costume than the soft white mantle of these delicate crystals, and everywhere spirits heightened and goodwill increased. The dull staccato of hurrying feet merged pleasantly with the creak of ungreased axles and the thin voices of children carolling to the radiant windows. A towering, corpulent banker, raising his sleek fur collar against the impetuous wind, unseeing jostled a sad-faced youth trying to push across the erratic pedestrian stream. Ignoring the cheery apology, the young man threw open the door of a large cafe, shuddering as it swung back to shut out the festive discord of the street. Throwing his threadbare coat across a chair, he sat down in a dim-lit corner to meditate.

The cafe was empty, he noted, except for a hard-featured, thin-lipped man in formal dress arranging chairs and stands on the orchestra dais, too preoccupied to notice him. He stared at the well-worn, spotted tablecloth, rubbing his numbed forefinger up and down his stubbled cheek. Unconsciously, familiar scenes slid into his inner view; and he found himself among his fellow-students at Leipzig, flirting and joking with the friendly, buxom barmaid at the inn near the university. Concerts and rehearsals at Madgeburg ran coursing through his ears, and a clear, piping soprano brought back the rapt faces of the children whose choirmaster he had been in Riga three years before. His thoughts roamed to his Dresden boyhood, filled with the inspiration of a widowed mother's faith, and with fascinating stories of a father he had never known.

For a moment, his face fell as he brooded on his current misfortunes. Two years in Paris had brought him no more success than the near-completion of a first opera. His impecunious existence had been ekeed out of the charitable benevolence of a few generous friends with whom he shared a mutual admiration and an impelling conviction of purpose. The uncompensated devotion of a wife who could not bring herself to share his regret in their hasty marriage was at once a comfort and an irritation. Unhappy and racked by despair, his determination to succeed still overrode his better judgment, and his friends' advice to leave; he would not return to Dresden until he had written every note of a magnum opus for which he could claim a long-awaited triumph.

It had been unbearably bitter at first to meet failure and contempt at every turn, to be compelled humbly to seek reluctant charity, to accept jobs of sheer musical drudgery in the face of insistent creditors. He was beginning to wonder whether he could not even envy the sour, morbid individual who had ignored his entrance; when his reverie was snapped by loud, angry voices across the room. He looked up just in time to see the subject of his considerations snatch a hat, coat, and muffler and storm vituperating from the cafe. There on the dais stood a couple hardly older than himself; the man livid and breathing sharply,

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Not on This Day,  
My Son

By Uriah Heep

**O**n the 15th of January, 1920, Karl Schulz, forester of the estates of Count Hohenpaltz, finally had his prayers answered. . . he had a son. Before his two daughters were born, he had hoped each time that it would be a son, and indeed, he had already decided on his name. . . Friedrich it should be, Friedrich Christian; in memory, as Karl put it, of two great kings.

From the first day of his son's life Karl set about planning the education which he would give Fritz. He did not think much of schools, but realized that he would have to send his son to one, as the law did not allow him to do otherwise. But Karl's greatest trust was in his own ability to be good, to be right and clever, and he was convinced that he could communicate all that knowledge to his son and heir.

He saw to it that Fritz would grow into a strong and healthy man, by giving him a little training every day. At first he merely lifted him out of his little cradle by his small round arms, "to strengthen those muscles," as he put it; but later the exercise became more strenuous, and soon the boy showed a healthy face and good muscles.

As Fritz grew up, his father began to introduce him to the secrets of the forests, to the trees, the little secluded valleys, the paths, winding through the bushes, the lakes hidden behind the hills, the deer-tracks and watering places, the fields with their rabbit holes, the nightingales which sang in the moonlight, the eagles in the rocks, and the places where the foxes hid, waiting for their prey.

Fritz took this all in, and began to love the forest and the fields as much as his father did. Then came the great day, when Fritz was 15 years old. On the 15th of January, 1935, Friedrich Christian Schulz came down to breakfast, and found, next to the breakfast table, a little table on which his presents were placed. And there. . . he could not believe his eyes, there he saw a shining double-barreled gun. His father stood on the other side of the room and beamed at the obvious amazement of his son.

"This for me?" asked Fritz.

"Of course, my boy," answered his father, "you are now fifteen years old, and I will teach you how to shoot."

The next moment Fritz was by his father's side, he threw his arms around him, and gave him one great kiss on the cheek. "Thank you, father," he said, "thank you very much."

His mother came in, and they sat down to breakfast. But Fritz could

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## Frost

There is a forest on my window  
With palm-trees tall and straight,  
And a tower by the wayside  
With silver flowers at the gate.

Birds and butterflies are flying  
In my forest gay,  
And their silvery wings are shining  
In the sunshine's brightest ray.

All is blooming in my forest,  
As in the month of May;  
It is springtime in my forest  
On a frosty winter's day.

—I. Massey.

A Christmas  
Story

By Francis Allen

The snow was falling slowly, silently, as it always should at Christmas time. Carolers were regaling the late shoppers with cheerful if tuneless renditions of The First Noel and Good King Wenceslas, while the Salvation Army tinkled assiduously in hopes of providing sustenance for the needy.

Away up on the Boulevard happy people were putting the last touches on Christmas trees; young men in preparation for the party on the morrow were placing mistletoe at as many advantageous points as possible, while down in the poorer section women were baking gigantic dumplings quite oblivious of the nutritive deficiencies in their diet, and happy in the ignorance that their children would grow up rickety and tubercular. In fact everybody was more or less happy, or imagined that they were happy. All except for one person, at least as far as we know he was the only exception, although it is possible that some. . . But this is digressing. As far as our story is concerned, this young man was the only unhappy person in Montreal that evening; besides it heightens the dramatic interest, by means of contrast.

He had failed all his pre-Christmas exams, he had broken with his beautiful Clarabella, and his mother had just died of a heart attack. So he wandered listlessly along St. Catherine St. heedless of the jollification that surrounded him. Several attractively painted young women, sympathizing with his unhappy demeanour, and also with a view to replenishing their earnings, hailed him by means of judicious manipulation of their eyebrows; all to no avail. Their charms held no attraction, nor could they lift him out of his vale of misery. He continued walking, walking; he must forget everything, his brain must become a blank, but his brain refused to become a blank; odd irrepressible thoughts continued to besiege him. Why was the square on an hypotenuse always a square? If chromatic colours were coloured colours and achromatic colours were uncoloured colours, then why was the Basilar Membrane not connected with Shostakovich's 7th symphony. . . ? On God he must stop thinking or would no longer retain his sanity. He would become intoxicated, that was it, he would drown his sorrows in drink, but he suddenly realized with a sob that at this time all the taverns were closed, and he did not know where any "speakeasies" were located, be-

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like the chest which might have been magnificent had it borne meaning to its surroundings. Hanson Shepherd's face had once drawn beauty, shining like a golden etching in a drawing room, but those were other times.

On the chest, a letter, yellow with age rather than by design, lay crumpled and pounded, while Shepherd lay on the bed. The letter was dated December 18, 1902. It began

My dear—

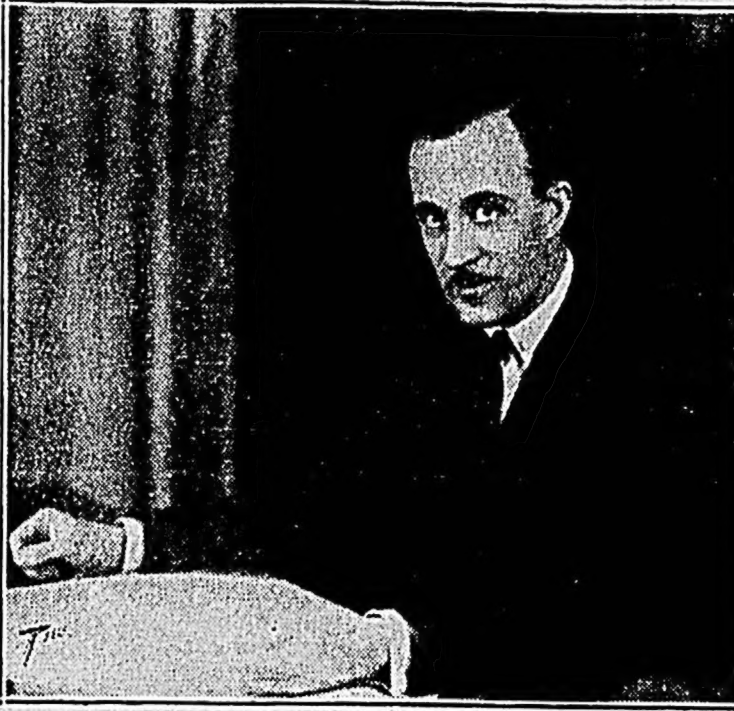
When you smiled at me the other evening, Mrs. Davis' irritating laughter faded into a shrill unimportant tinkle, like Chinese brass clanking against a window sill. But all I could hear was the swishing of Janet's gown as she came to tear me away from the latest addled eligible. . . Were you too proud to acknowledge me by anything more than a smile? Did my presence embarrass you to such a degree that you had to avoid me?

## Transfigured

By Pearlmarie

The room drew bitter circles in his consciousness. Cracked plaster walls and the white iron bedstead bespoke the squalor of his life, but it was the Victorian chest that sucked the rest of the objects in the room into detail. Ugly, ornate, with hyacinthian carvings cracked and broken around the edges, it chronicled Shepherd's life. His over-decorated past was now, too, chipped and meaningless in its finality. His face was as incongruous to the rest of his body as the chest was to the barren room. For his body, gnarled and wasted by disipation set into striking relief his beautiful face. It might have belonged to an oriental philosopher, not in form or feature, but in expression. Traced by fern-like lines, it might have been bitter, had it not been so delicate in its repose,

## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE



Christmas has attained a new and deeper meaning for us during the past three years, since it enshrines the spirit of common decency, personal happiness and human freedom. These ideals are recognized as a precious inheritance among the peoples of the United Nations.

As we look backwards at the year which is now drawing to a close, each of us realizes that it has presented many problems to Canadian Universities, as well as to other institutions. The attempt to find satisfactory solutions to those problems has engaged the full attention of all of us, students and faculty alike, so that much has been co-operatively attained. I should like, on this occasion, to express my deep appreciation of the assistance that I have received, during the months that lie behind us, from members of the faculty and members of the student body. In spite of the many demands that war has imposed upon your time, you have worked generously for the common good of the whole University, and I hope that, by continued effort, we shall be able to solve the remainder of our problems early in the New Year.

To all of you, therefore, I mingle with my thanks an expression of the hope that you may enjoy a Very Happy Christmas. Our festival, like the peal of bells that rang out in Britain a few weeks ago, will be more joyous because recent successes in Africa and on the Pacific Ocean have brought us a little nearer to the peace which will follow victory, and I hope that this Christmas may, for each of you individually, as well as for the Dominion of Canada, herald the dawn of a new year in which we shall attain many of the things that we desire.

A Happy Christmas to you, and all good wishes for the whole of Nineteen Forty-three.

F. CYRIL JAMES.

Of course, the only reason our hostess invited me was that she was curious about our relationship. I am certain now, we caused them all great disappointment. But that means little to me, in comparison to my hopeless defeat where you were concerned. I tried so hard to make you proud of me.

In France, I learned to be gay, witty and desirable. In Germany, I learned something of poetry and philosophy, in Italy, of music and art, in London, of history and science. I thought myself well educated and a social asset. But, seemingly, all of it was to no avail, for when you are present I become an awkward girl at her first dance. Had you only greeted me with a smile or inquired after my health, my efforts to please you would have been rewarded a thousand-fold.

Perhaps I do understand, though. Perhaps the woman you hated so thoroughly and was forced to marry

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## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

FROM THE OFFICER COMMANDING  
McGILL C.O.T.C.

Editor,  
McGill Daily,  
McGill University.

In Contingent Orders of 17th December will be found my Christmas Greetings to all Officers and Cadets of the Contingent and to those who have given so generously of their time and effort to our training. In order that this message may reach all I wish to repeat it here.

The Commanding Officer desires to extend to all "SEASON'S" ranks his sincere good wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and to express his appreciation of the co-operation and excellent work shown by them during 1942.

The Commanding Officer also wishes to extend his best wishes and sincere thanks to the many willing helpers, who, in various capacities, have rendered such valuable service to the Contingent during the current year.

Christmas time is essentially a time of family gatherings, gatherings made more meaningful because of the war. I would wish for many of you that joy of family reunion and as we enter the year 1943 let it be with the determination to pull our full weight in the war effort, in the Armed Services, in training, in academic work, in industry or in whatever phase of the war effort we find ourselves.

Lt.-Col. J. M. Morris, M.C., V.D.

## The Seagull

Into the blue the seagull silvery  
streaks;  
Below, the snowy-plumed array in  
rank  
Sound battle charge to the eternal  
fray  
Against the gallant cliffs that guard  
our home.

Atop the cliffs the silence sudden  
breaks,  
The roar of loud-mouthed guns  
awakes the morn;  
A challenge to the coast across the  
sea,  
Defiant rings the answer to their  
cry.

A shining squadron wings to meet  
attack;  
The air is full of sound of scream-  
ing planes.  
Upon the rocks the shattered sea-  
gull lies,  
No longer is he master of his skies.

—Margery Campbell.

## Travelogue

By Alan Mackintosh

Go beyond this continent of ours, the restless waters of the Atlantic, to a continent now in the desperate of war, and here my story of a day four summers ago in my life will begin. It was in the city of Cologne. After breakfast I went to see the famous cathedral. So magnificent was this imposing structure it seemed a work of God not of human beings. I left the city by bus, late that same morning, and drove along one of the country's so-called super highways—the type of road with the two lanes of traffic separated by a cultivated strip. I stopped for lunch, at—only a German could pronounce it—on the Rhine.

Here began my most memorable journey in life. Soon the blue waters of the Rhine were swirling around the sides of our small frail craft and a different world unfolded before my eyes—a world of castles perched precariously on high cliffs, quaint picturesque towns unchanged through the centuries, odd looking barges (sinews of commerce), the wine terraces along the slopes of the mountains and the breath-taking scenery—all these lingered for too short a time. It was a world no travelogue could describe. The climax of that day was when I stepped off the boat at Heidelberg. I climbed to the top of a mountain where stood a half-ruined castle and looked down on an unforgettable scene. The green of the mountain foliage, the red roofs of the old town and the blue waters of the river formed a picture no artist could recreate. I will never forget the kind, jovial white-whiskered guide who showed me around the castle. He told me many amusing tales but the one I remember best is that he gave up all smoking and drinking in order to save enough money to see the coronation of King George V.

That night I crossed the frontier but in my mind heart and soul I longed to retrace my steps. This feeling has never been lost since I returned to Canada. If ever the chance comes I will remake this journey and hope to find everything the same as it was four summers ago.

Harvesting—  
An Impression

By Ounkalup

The sun and early October. Binding and stooking's been done three weeks, and then rain. Funny country, the West: ten years of drought and depression, then we get a crop and it rains. Besides there ain't nobody to thresh it anyways.

But we're luckier 'n most. Got two boys that ain't been drafted yet, and there's three college fellers from the East cam in yesterday. Don't know how much use they'll be, but we'll make 'em sweat. We'll start four teams tomorrow, three of ours and Max's. Hafta thresh out Max's section afterwards, but that's okay. He sure can pitch, and we'll finish before snow, if the sun holds.

Up at five. Hay and oats for the horses, harness 'em and clean 'em out. Breakfast. Hot porridge, buckwheat pancakes, toast and col-

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Christmas and the  
Raven

By Theo Mayer



**T**HE SUN of Christmas afternoon throws its light across the desk of my study. My mind is sated with thought, and my body is weary. This is my last Christmas. The bells of the churches are faint in my ears; but, loud, the leaden echo calls from the pregnant distance. And she, who lies on the carpet, lifeless, are there any sounds for her? She is dead, who was the beloved of my soul and the bane of my life.

The couples walk beneath my window, arm in arm. They are young and handsome; their lips have grown red with the holly, and the blown winds have blossomed their cheeks. They are one with Christmas—merry and gay with laughter. But she and I will walk no more through the streets, when the snow is dark and beautiful in the first shades of evening. The silver thread is broken, which bound our hearts together. She is dead—there is no motion—and the Christmas bells play on.

How warm we were by the fire last Christmas, in the little lodge at St. Adèle—warm and wonderful with happiness. Our eyes were set on each other, and they danced with the leaping flames. We plighted our troth, and we sealed it under the mistletoe. She and I, we were symbols of the fullness and peace of Christmas. Our hands were clasped, and our minds were open and free. The scent of the pine was sweet, and our hearts knew nothing but love.

So it was then; but the space of a year can cut deep wells in the heart. It was not always Christmas; the season passed, and, with it, her love for me. Slowly she drifted from me; my hands were nervous and powerless. I struggled, but in vain. I saw the curtain drawn over her eyes—the sunlight of her soul no longer shed its rays upon me. She crushed the blood from my veins, and trampled the buds of my hope. She fled to the arms of another, and left me alone in the darkness. I had gambled with the fresh-minded power of my spirit, and for gold I had been given coppers. She tore the purple cloak of love from my back. She faded, and, with her, the crescent hour of morning.

I marched on alone, but my head was bent, and the cords of my mind were twisted. The clouds of my dreams were black with the rain of tears. The strong oak was blasted, and the cypress stood silhouetted against the night. My steps, heavy with grief, trod over the grave of my love—my love which was cold with death. For, as the rose of her love had died, so mine also had withered; and the dark tendrils of hate grew ever thicker about the spot where the flowers had bloomed.

The year rolled on, and Christmas again drew near. The memories of the past welled within me; and the core of my being fumed with desire for revenge. The seas of my hate grew stronger, and teemed with a restless fury. The scabs of my heart were thick: the doors of its shrine were closed. No more might the children of love enter and worship in silence.

This afternoon she came at my invitation. Her eyes were gay; but they looked not upon me. They were bright with the thoughts of another. Her lips were curled in a smile, and I knew that she mocked me. I took the Bordeaux from the cupboard; and we drank without speaking. Then, I shot her. I was calm and cool and deliberate. My aim was certain.

There she lies on the carpet. The wine is still wet on her lips, and the smile still lingers like fate. There is no motion—and the Christmas bells play on.

This is my last Christmas. The sun of the afternoon is now low on the western horizon; there is blood upon the snow—and the night is moving forward.

JOHN ROSS MILLER.

The Santa Claus  
Murder

by Stephen Leacock, Jr.



**J**OHNNY GROWTHE was going to kill Erwin Vanbury. The sight of his young sister's pale, sobbing face had determined him that such a scoundrel as Erwin should not continue to live. The whole case was represented by one evil and ominous word—Betrayal, and it seemed written before Johnny's eyes in letters of ugly crimson. He could not rid himself of the impression. His whole body would go tense with hatred at the thought of Helen's seducer—Erwin and his handsome face that was such a lying reflection of the treacherous soul beneath! But Johnny was going to see to it that Erwin had played his last part of that kind. He didn't even look on it as murder; it was needful extermination and his resolution was firm.

His plan was simplicity itself but was only the result of much careful consideration. It based itself on the fact that every day at exactly a quarter past twelve noon Erwin Vanbury left his office in the Great Star Building and walked a little way up crowded Centre Street to a restaurant. It was during this walk that he must be shot. The teeming masses of busy Christmas shoppers who thronged Centre Street at this time, and the noise of the heavy traffic would make it relatively easy for a murderer to slip away unnoticed. So, at any rate, Johnny reasoned. And in addition to this he had devised a way whereby the actual firing of the revolver would not be seen.

The Christmas before Johnny had played Santa Claus for a benevolent organization and he still had the costume complete with a tin money box and a large white fur hand muff. It was through this muff that Johnny intended to shoot; he had been an excellent marksman once, he knew that he would not miss.

It was in accordance with this plan that two days before Christmas itself Johnny stood in his Santa Claus uniform waiting for Erwin Vanbury. There was a new fall of snow upon the ground and the air was cold—Johnny beat his arms against his padded red tunic. "Quite the genuine article, I am," he thought grimly as an occasional group of children danced in merriment round him. Though they were not aware of it, the lips behind the rough white beard met in no smile as Santa gazed at their carefree antics. Smiles were not for the lips of such as Johnny, that day.

But apart from the children he saw that his clothes occasioned no comment, scarcely any interest at all; people were only too accustomed at this season to passing a St. Nicholas at nearly every corner on mid-town Centre Street. Johnny waited with his revolver in his muff, his

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"This for me?" asked Fritz.

"Of course, my boy," answered his father, "you are now fifteen years old, and I will teach you how to shoot."

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And a tower by the wayside  
With silver flowers at the gate.

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In my forest gay,  
And their silvery wings are shining  
In the sunshine's brightest ray.

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As in the month of May;  
It is springtime in my forest  
On a frosty winter's day.

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## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE



Christmas has attained a new and deeper meaning for us during the past three years, since it enshrines the spirit of common decency, personal happiness and human freedom. These ideals are recognized as a precious inheritance among the peoples of the United Nations.

As we look backwards at the year which is now drawing to a close, each of us realizes that it has presented many problems to Canadian Universities, as well as to other institutions. The attempt to find satisfactory solutions to those problems has engaged the full attention of all of us, students and faculty alike, so that much has been co-operatively attained. I should like, on this occasion, to express my deep appreciation of the assistance that I have received, during the months that lie behind us, from members of the faculty and members of the student body. In spite of the many demands that war has imposed upon your time, you have worked generously for the common good of the whole University, and I hope that, by continued effort, we shall be able to solve the remainder of our problems early in the New Year.

To all of you, therefore, I mingle with my thanks an expression of the hope that you may enjoy a Very Happy Christmas. Our festival, like the peal of bells that rang out in Britain a few weeks ago, will be more joyous because recent successes in Africa and on the Pacific Ocean have brought us a little nearer to the peace which will follow victory, and I hope that this Christmas may, for each of you individually, as well as for the Dominion of Canada, herald the dawn of a new year in which we shall attain many of the things that we desire.

A Happy Christmas to you, and all good wishes for the whole of Nineteen Forty-three.

F. CYRIL JAMES.

like the chest which might have been magnificent had it borne meaning to its surroundings. Hanson Shepherd's face had once drawn beauty, shining like a golden etching in a drawing room, but those were other times.

On the chest, a letter, yellow with age rather than by design, lay crumpled and pounded, while Shepherd lay on the bed. The letter was dated December 18, 1902. It began

My dear—

When you smiled at me the other evening, Mrs. Davis' irritating laughter faded into a shrill unimportant tinkle, like Chinese brass clanking against a window sill. But all I could hear was the swishing of Janet's gown as she came to tear me away from the latest adulated eligible. . . . Were you too proud to acknowledge me by anything more than a smile? Did my presence embarrass you to such a degree that you had to avoid me?

Of course, the only reason our hostess invited me was that she was curious about our relationship. I am certain now, we caused them all great disappointment. But that means little to me, in comparison to my hopeless defeat where you were concerned. I tried so hard to make you proud of me.

In France, I learned to be gay, witty and desirable. In Germany, I learned something of poetry and philosophy, in Italy, of music and art, in London, of history and science. I thought myself well educated and a social asset. But, seemingly, all of it was to no avail, for when you are present I become an awkward girl at her first dance. Had you only greeted me with a smile or inquired after my health, my efforts to please you would have been rewarded a thousandfold.

Perhaps I do understand, though. Perhaps the woman you hated so thoroughly and was forced to marry

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## A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

FROM THE OFFICER COMMANDING  
McGILL C.O.T.C.

Editor,  
McGill Daily,  
McGill University.

In Contingent Orders of 17th December will be found my Christmas Greetings to all Officers and Cadets of the Contingent and to those who have given so generously of their time and effort to our training. In order that this message may reach all I wish to repeat it here.

"SEASON'S GREETINGS" ranks his sincere good wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and to express his appreciation of the co-operation and excellent work shown by them during 1942.

The Commanding Officer also wishes to extend his best wishes and sincere thanks to the many willing helpers, who, in various capacities, have rendered such valuable service to the Contingent during the current year.

Christmas time is essentially a time of family gatherings, gatherings made more meaningful because of the war. I would wish for many of you that joy of family reunion and as we enter the year 1943 let it be with the determination to pull our full weight in the war effort, in the Armed Services, in training, in academic work, in industry or in whatever phase of the war effort we find ourselves.

Lt.-Col. J. M. Morris, M.C., V.D.

## The Seagull

Into the blue the seagull silvery  
streaks;  
Below, the snowy-plumed array in  
rank  
Sound battle charge to the eternal  
fray  
Against the gallant cliffs that guard  
our home.

Atop the cliffs the silence sudden  
breaks,  
The roar of loud-mouthed guns  
awakes the morn;  
A challenge to the coast across the  
sea,  
Defiant rings the answer to their  
cry.

A shining squadron wings to meet  
attack;  
The air is full of sound of scream-  
ing planes.  
Upon the rocks the shattered sea-  
gull lies,  
No longer is he master of his skies.

—Margery Campbell.

## Travelogue

By Alan Mackintosh

Go beyond this continent of ours, the restless waters of the Atlantic, to a continent now in the desperate of war, and here my story of a day four summers ago in my life will begin. It was in the city of Cologne. After breakfast I went to see the famous cathedral. So magnificent was this imposing structure it seemed a work of God not of human beings. I left the city by bus, late that same morning, and drove along one of the country's so-called super highways—the type of road with the two lanes of traffic separated by a cultivated strip. I stopped for lunch, at—only a German could pronounce it—on the Rhine.

Here began my most memorable journey in life. Soon the blue waters of the Rhine were swirling around the sides of our small frail craft and a different world unfolded before my eyes—a world of castles perched precariously on high cliffs, quaint picturesque towns unchanged through the centuries, odd looking barges (sinews of commerce), the wine terraces along the slopes of the mountains and the breath-taking scenery—all these lingered for too short a time. It was a world no travelogue could describe. The climax of that day was when I stepped off the boat at Heidelberg. I climbed to the top of a mountain where stood a half-ruined castle and looked down on an unforgettable scene. The green of the mountain foliage, the red roofs of the old town and the blue waters of the river formed a picture no artist could recreate. I will never forget the kind, jovial white-whiskered guide who showed me around the castle. He told me many amusing tales but the one I remember best is that he gave up all smoking and drinking in order to save enough money to see the coronation of King George V.

That night I crossed the frontier but in my mind heart and soul I longed to retrace my steps. This feeling has never been lost since I returned to Canada. If ever the chance comes I will remake this journey and hope to find everything the same as it was four summers ago.

Harvesting—  
An Impression

By Ounkalup

The sun and early October. Binding and stooking's been done three weeks, and then rain. Funny country, the West: ten years of drought and depression, then we get a crop and it rains. Besides there ain't nobody to thresh it anyways.

But we're luckier 'n most. Got two boys that ain't been drafted yet, and there's three college fellers from the East cam in yesterday. Don't know how much use they'll be, but we'll make 'em sweat. We'll start four teams tomorrow, three of ours and Max's. Hafta thresh out Max's section afterwards, but that's okay. He sure can pluck, and we'll finish before snow, if the sun holds.

Up at five. Hay and oats for the horses, harness 'em and clean 'em out. Breakfast. Hot porridge, buckwheat pancakes, toast and col-

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Christmas and the  
Raven

By Theo Mayer



THE SUN of Christmas afternoon throws its light across the desk of my study. My mind is sated with thought, and my body is weary. This is my last Christmas. The bells of the churches are faint in my ears; but, loud, the leaden echo calls from the pregnant distance. And she, who lies on the carpet, lifeless, are there any sounds for her? She is dead, who was the beloved of my soul and the bane of my life.

The couples walk beneath my window, arm in arm. They are young and handsome; their lips have grown red with the holly, and the blown winds have blossomed their cheeks. They are one with Christmas—merry and gay with laughter. But she and I will walk no more through the streets, when the snow is dark and beautiful in the first shades of evening. The silver thread is broken, which bound our hearts together. She is dead—there is no motion—and the Christmas bells play on.

How warm we were by the fire last Christmas, in the little lodge at St. Adèle—warm and wonderful with happiness. Our eyes were set on each other, and they danced with the leaping flames. We plighted our troth, and we sealed it under the mistletoe. She and I, we were symbols of the fullness and peace of Christmas. Our hands were clasped, and our minds were open and free. The scent of the pine was sweet, and our hearts knew nothing but love.

So it was then; but the space of a year can cut deep welts in the heart. It was not always Christmas; the season passed, and, with it, her love for me. Slowly she drifted from me; my hands were nervous and powerless. I struggled, but in vain. I saw the curtain drawn over her eyes—the sunlight of her soul no longer shed its rays upon me. She crushed the blood from my veins, and trampled the buds of my hope. She fled to the arms of another, and left me alone in the darkness. I had gambled with the fresh-minded power of my spirit, and for gold I had been given coppers. She tore the purple cloak of love from my back. She faded, and, with her, the crescent hour of morning.

I marched on alone, but my head was bent, and the cords of my mind were twisted. The clouds of my dreams were black with the rain of tears. The strong oak was blasted, and the cypress stood silhouetted against the night. My steps, heavy with grief, trod over the grave of my love—my love which was cold with death. For, as the rose of her love had died, so mine also had withered; and the dark tendrils of hate grew ever thicker about the spot where the flowers had bloomed.

The year rolled on, and Christmas again drew near. The memories of the past welled within me; and the core of my being fumed with desire for revenge. The seas of my hate grew stronger, and teemed with a restless fury. The scars of my heart were thick; the doors of its shrine were closed. No more might the children of love enter and worship in silence.

This afternoon she came at my invitation. Her eyes were gay; but they looked not upon me. They were bright with the thoughts of another. Her lips were curled in a smile, and I knew that she mocked me. I took the Bordeaux from the cupboard; and we drank without speaking. Then, I shot her. I was calm and cool and deliberate. My aim was certain.

There she lies on the carpet. The wine is still wet on her lips, and the smile still lingers like fate. There is no motion—and the Christmas bells play on.

This is my last Christmas. The sun of the afternoon is now low on the western horizon; there is blood upon the snow—and the night is moving forward.

JOHN ROSS MILLER.

The Santa Claus  
Murder

by Stephen Leacock, Jr.



JOHNNY GROWTHE was going to kill Erwin Vanbury. The sight of his young sister's pale, sobbing face had determined him that such a scoundrel as Erwin should not continue to live. The whole case was represented by one evil and ominous word—Betrayal, and it seemed written before Johnny's eyes in letters of ugly crimson. He could not rid himself of the impression. His whole body would go tense with hatred at the thought of Helen's seducer—Erwin and his handsome face that was such a lying reflection of the treacherous soul beneath! But Johnny was going to see to it that Erwin had played his last part of that kind. He didn't even look on it as murder; it was needful extermination and his resolution was firm.

His plan was simplicity itself but was only the result of much careful consideration. It based itself on the fact that every day at exactly a quarter past twelve noon Erwin Vanbury left his office in the Great Star Building and walked a little way up crowded Centre Street to a restaurant. It was during this walk that he must be shot. The teeming masses of busy Christmas shoppers who thronged Centre Street at this time, and the noise of the heavy traffic would make it relatively easy for a murderer to slip away unnoticed. So, at any rate, Johnny reasoned. And in addition to this he had devised a way whereby the actual firing of the revolver would not be seen.

The Christmas before Johnny had played Santa Claus for a benevolent organization and he still had the costume complete with a tin money box and a large white fur hand muff. It was through this muff that Johnny intended to shoot; he had been an excellent marksman once, he knew that he would not miss.

It was in accordance with this plan that two days before Christmas itself Johnny stood in his Santa Claus uniform waiting for Erwin Vanbury. There was a new fall of snow upon the ground and the air was cold—Johnny beat his arms against his padded red tunic. "Quite the genuine article, I am," he thought grimly as an occasional group of children danced in merriment round him. Though they were not aware of it, the lips behind the rough white beard met in no smile as Santa gazed at their carefree antics. Smiles were not for the lips of such as Johnny, that day.

But apart from the children he saw that his clothes occasioned no comment, scarcely any interest at all; people were only too accustomed at this season to passing a St. Nicholas at nearly every corner on midtown Centre Street. Johnny waited with his revolver in his muff, his

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# McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

Member, Canadian University Press

Published every week-day  
during the college year at  
690 SHERBROOKE ST. W.  
Telephone LANcaster 2344.

Opinions expressed below are those of the  
Managing Board of the McGill Daily  
and not the official opinions of  
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Montreal, Friday, December 18, 1942  
Vol. XXXII—No. 56

## The Meaning of Christmas

In a few days we shall celebrate what has become the most important holiday in the calendar of the western world. Christmas is a time of gladness and rejoicing for everyone, and at this time expressions of brotherly love and good-will reach a peak which is not approached in such a universal fashion at any other time of the year.

The commercialization of Christmas, while deplorable in some of its effects, is not altogether an evil influence. It is true that some of the gifts which we make at this time are given in a sense of duty, but many more are given as an expression of love, and the advertising campaigns of those interested in promoting Christmas spending tend to keep the public mindful of the holiday spirit of Christmas.

Again, a great deal of the celebration of this season is done in a self-centred attitude. In an attempt to achieve even temporary happiness and to enjoy as much as possible the festive occasion we strive to obtain material pleasures for ourselves. Let us stop for a moment to consider what lies behind all this merry-making. Let us think for a moment what is the true spirit of Christmas.

We recognize Christmas as a great tradition, and it is classed as typical of some of the things for which we are fighting in this war. If, however, it has become only a tradition and has lost the meaning which it held for our forefathers then it is nothing more than empty sentimentality.

It may be difficult to relate the extensive eating, drinking, and entertainment which marks a modern Christmas with that scene in the stable two thousand years ago when a little Babe was born, but it is upon the significance of that scene that Christmas is founded. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." This is the message of Christmas, and because of a belief in the fundamental importance of this event, and because of a deep sense of gratitude on the part of Christians for the "wondrous gift" Christmas has been established in its present prominence among our holidays.

The advent of a "Prince of Peace" may seem a little out of place in a world so hopelessly at war, but the peace which Jesus offers is that within the human heart. The appeal of Christ has always been to individuals, and only by the turning of the individual to an acceptance of Him can there be a hope of an approach to His kingdom on earth. Those who take the Lord Jesus into their hearts at this time will find in Him the meaning of Christmas.

## The Rake's Progress

By Mulligan

### THE OWL-COMMANDO (Concluded)

"Eh bien, mes amis," shrieked a certain Robespierre Crapeau, Lord High Muckamuck of L'Alliance Allemagne-Francais, "a bas l'Angleterre! Notre futur est avec nos bons compatriotes—nos sauveurs—, les Nazis! Pas avec la tyrannie des Anglais!" (Cries of Booi! Assieds-toi, baptême! Collaborationists!) Storm-troopers suddenly appeared, and the disturbing element were hauled off as hostages.

Robespierre smiled smugly. Pleased with the fact that nobody in his audience dared even blow a nose, he allowed his fanaticism to go the whole hog. "Napoleon," il dit, "a toujours aimé l'Allemagne, et haïssait ces chiens d'Anglais! S'il restait encore parmi nous, il..."

At that moment, a terrific crash rent the roof of the building, and deposited a huge gob of plaster atop the unfortunate M. Crapeau, to say nothing of a few oak beams. Meanwhile, after a grim flight off the top of La Colline du Cou Casse, the Owl and the Bat had at last come to rest—through the roof, through the attic and a couple of trunks filled with fancy dress costumes, and finally, through the plaster. A three-corner hat perched atop the Owl's mighty proboscis, and he blinked blindly out of one half of his trusty loggnettes. The Bat plopped down beside him, immersed in a barrel of Vin Blanc he had draped round his person somewhere around the second floor.

The Owl rose out of the plaster, chalk-white and horrid to behold, just as Robespierre crept out of the other edge of the ceiling, like Lazarus out of his tomb. "Aha ho!" coughed the Owl, plucking some broken lathes out of his pants, and adjusting his hat theatrically. "Bon sower, monsewer!" (Cries of "C'est un esprit!" "Napoleon est retourné!" "Napoleon!" etc.)

The Owl, perking up a drooping and very scratched ear, absorbed the situation (and a glub of Undertaker's Preserve, miraculously undamaged in descent). "Ah ouai!" he bellowed, in accents wonderful, "Napoleon. Un bon brandy, by gar!" (Then, running out of French for the moment) "Eh, qu'est-ce que le h... le matter avec vous?" (As M. Crapeau glared at him furiously.)

"Equestriens de l'orage!" (or whatever the word is for "storm-troopers") cried M. Crapeau, leering at the Owl. "Saisissez ce coulin ci!" "So," growled the Owl, still quite boiled, and very sad and sore anyway. "Who says I like cocaine?" At that, he hit the unhappy M. Crapeau over the head with a nearby chandelier, and flung him in the direction of the Bat, who was still stuck in his barrel of Malmsey. Hearing the thud outside, the Bat thrust his head out to see what gave.

"Un diable!" shrieked the audience in unison, beholding the horrible wine-soaked face before them; and tore out of the place pell-mell, squashing a group of Nazi Elite guards en route. The Bat popped out of the barrel and collared M. Crapeau, who was crawling away on all fours from the platform. "Making fun of me, eh?" he snorted nastily (the Bat was not as conversant with the language as the fluent Owl). "Well, we'll see about that." So, picking up the squealing M. Crapeau, he shoved him headfirst into the barrel of Vin Blanc and slammed the lid. "That's what I do to people who hurt my delicate feelings!"

On the way out, they passed the trampled remains of the Elite Guard. The Owl, whose ignorance was abysmal (as any professor will willingly aver) assumed the "S.S." on their badges meant "Sanitary Service," or worse, and obligingly chucked the corpses over a nearby parapet into the water-tank of the German military encampment below. Then, very angry and disgruntled, the long gawky frames of the terrible pair hulked off in the direction of St. Popboombang.

At that moment, a terrific explosion rent the whole hillside, as one of the howitzers used for blasting operations on the Owl blew up with the shell inside it. Unfortunately for the extermination patrol, a stray bottle of Duenna's Dulcimer had landed inside the barrel and dissolved most of the metal; which, in turn, dissolved most of the patrol.

A wise old Owl sat in an oak. The more he saw, the less he spoke. What was it then made him suddenly choke, fall off his perch, and flap away hooting blue murder? A huge red nose, followed by a pair of huge bulbous eyes, poked its way out of the underbrush, topped by an ancient Napoleonic hat, and followed by a long bony body. Close behind, a gooseberry bush opened and another indescribably evil face emerged. Even the atmosphere became charged with a certain alcoholic odour, strong enough to intoxicate a group of scraggly-tailed sparrows directly above, and set them twittering loudly and foolishly.

"Psst," whispered the Bat. "We are near St. Popboombang."

"No," disagreed the Owl, suddenly spotting a sign-post, "we are in St. Popboombang. And what do you know, look at that will you?" The Owl pointed.

"Glory be," gasped the Bat. "Bordeaux, three miles!"

"Do you know what that means?" puffed the Owl hoarsely, suddenly conscious that his throat was very parched.

"Bordeaux, the wine country of Europe!" drooled the Bat, his beady eyes glistening balefully. "Oh happy day!"

The pair galloped off through the bush with great gusto, flailing through the undergrowth like a pair of giddy giraffes. Suddenly they banged into a huge wire fence, over which towered electrically-charged wires, broken glass, and numerous other disturbing elements placed there, no doubt, to defeat the Owl and such ilk. "Hi!" exclaimed the Owl. "Undoubtedly guarding a place of great importance. A distillery, no doubt! Come, Bat, the juice of Bacchus beckoneth." The fence seemed a grave problem for the nonce, but the Owl, summoning with great creaking and grinding of wheels his processes of thought, eventually conceived an idea.

Farther up the road, an unfortunate Nazi guard, earnestly patrolling the St. Popboombang Dynamite Works, was dismayed to behold a huge section of sewer-pipe come rolling down

the road towards him at great speed. Not stopping to interrogate this large, lump of concrete bearing down on the gate at such a terrifying rate he jumped for dear life and let the thing bash through unchallenged.

The Owl was on the point of congratulating himself (inside the whirling sewer-pipe) when suddenly all creation blew up and the world dissolved into millions of stars and bottles of Cariboo. Loud profanity in an unknown tongue rent the air, but the Owl heard none of this. He lay pleasantly curled up in the smokestack of one of the shunting engines puffing around the yard, which now lay on its back in a state of complete derangement. From a lofty perch atop the bell-tower of the L'Église PaProchiale de St. Popboombang, the Bat gazed dismayed as a group of uniformed men scammed around the inert body of his friend, and carried it off into a low gray-walled building at the far end of the plant, with much shouting.

As the Bat crouched petrified amongst his brethren in the belfry, leaning against the bell, M. Diploquoque LeDong, the goody sexton of the kirk, decided it was time to beat out Evensong for the benefit of the peasants in and around St. Popboombang, (who otherwise would not know it was bed-time, and might inadvertently stay up till 8.30 p.m.)

"Yeowww!" screamed the Bat, clinging on to the clapper for dear life, and sadly recalling those famous words "the curfew shall not ring tonight." Meanwhile, M. LeDong—a stern disciple of Charles Alas—, feeling the time was ripe to practise his daily bicep-building, commenced to yank the bell-rope with great vigour. "CLONG!" went the Bell.

"Help!" wailed the Bat, the frightful din drowning his cry.

"CLANG!" binged the Bell.

The Bat gave up and let go at the end of the next toll, sailing over the town of St. Popboombang in a mighty arc—over the road, over the fence, over the sentries, and through the stable roof into a bale of hay.

The Bat came to amid the champing of horses and mooing of cows, barely in time to rescue his big toe from the next mouthful of equine pate-de-foi grass, or whatever species of hay it was.

"Alishoo!" he barked, being allergic to feed of any kind, especially when sitting in it. A cow looked at him disinterestedly, mistaking him for a ne'er-do-well brother of hers. The Bat scrambled to his feet. It was dark outside. Suddenly a frightful scream rent the air: "NO! NO! NOT THAT!" followed by a terrible howl of anguish. "Good heavens!" expostulated the Bat. "The Owl! They are murdering him! What shall I do?" He skedaddled out the door, disoriented himself, and sped over to a low thick-walled structure, whence the sounds had emanated. Peeking through a barred window, he was shocked to see the Owl tied to a chair and bellowing horribly as a tough Nazi guard poured water down his throat.

"N-n-no! Not again!" he blubbered, turning two cartwheels and a one-and-a-half turn standing jump in his struggles to escape. This was too much for the Bat. With a cry of "Rescue! Rescue!" he galloped into the room, hit two guards on the head with his pocket-flask, and in turn got brained with a rubber-hose and a rifle-butt.

"Humph!" snorted the quizz officer. "Dis is a case for Herr Heinz Von Hiccup himself. Aus mit 'em!" The two inert carcasses were hoisted up on the shoulders of a handy platoon; and carried over to the den of Heinz Von Hiccup, the dread tyrant of St. Popboombang. The tyrant rose from his desk, and adjusted a monocle over a fishy-eye. "Aha!" he hissed. "Spies! Oh, how I hate spies! Bring in the terrible torture of the Wortleberry Juice, and we shall wring a confession from them!"

The Owl stirred feebly as a whiff of Wortleberry juice assailed his nostrils. Now let it be explained, first, the story of the terrible Wortleberry bush. In days long past, there lived a tribe, way up in the tundras of Ungava, who one day discovered a strange new herb. On cooking it up for tea, as is the Eskimo custom with anything that will grow north of the Arctic Circle, everyone died, except a visiting missionary named Wortleberry, who had happened to drop in for his traditional tea-and-crumpets that afternoon. Rev. Wortleberry, Father Wortleberry, or Rabbi Wortleberry—whichever it was I've forgotten—, let out one whoop, gave up the ministry, and settled down to a life of chronic alcoholism, chorus-girls, and much less-said-of-it-the-better. Thus it happened, that the Owl, scapegrace descendant of Wortleberry No. 1 (the Owl's full name is Oglethorpe Wortleberry Longwhistle)—was very immune to Wortleberry Juice (imported to Germany by Nazi agents).

"Hel hel hel," chorled Herr Heinz. "Drink, pig fools!"

"Wait a minute," begged the Owl, his not-too-bright mind performing miracles. "We'll swap! This Cariboo bottle here... (throwing his last crock into Von Hiccup's lap)... won't do me any good any more. You take it, you beast!" At that he picked up the goblet of Wortleberry juice, the guards craning their bull necks to hear his confessions as the foul poisons would start to work.

"Aha! Thank you, English doll!" cackled his tormentor, sniffing the powerful contents. "I have heard even in this country the merits of your Canadian Cariboo! Your last health, English dog!" Much gurgling rent the air, as the two potions went down.

"Huzzah!" dried Heinz, gurgling weakly. "These are my friends! Let them go, foolsh!" But the Owl was already gone. "YAHOO!" he roared, picking up three guards and hurling them through the floor; and cracking the skulls of the remainder with a handy chair. "Heinsh ol' man, put it sthere!" The Bat resuracted another bottle of Cariboo, and the party was on. Loud raucous laughter, and much popping of corks shattered the silliness of St. Popboombang, as Von Hiccup (no mean toper himself) generously offered his thirsty guests access to his own personal supply of vin, —snatched from the cellars of the best brewers in Bordeaux.

Long later, the drunken trio staggered out into the open, in search of more juice. A buxom fraulein crossed directly in front of them. "Oh-hhi!" gasped the Bat, pointing. "Take a gander at that, will you, Owlie?"

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## Music Notes

On Tuesday evening the Little Symphony Orchestra presented the second concert of its maiden season. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 29 in A (Mozart).  
Concerto No. 1 in A minor for Violin and Orchestra (J. S. Bach).

Violino concertato: Maurice Ondret.

Intermission.

Symphony No. 45 in F sharp minor (Joseph Haydn).

The Mozart symphony, while not so happy a choice as the one played at the former concert, was in all quite well done. The first movement, marked allegro moderato, was rendered in the smooth manner so generally characteristic of Bernard Naylor. The andante, though played with a great depth of expression and in a very moving manner, was, as are all this conductor's andanti, too slowly played. However, the exquisite perfection of the movement was well comprehended in the interpretation. The third movement, a minuet of lesser calibre than some which Mozart has written, was performed in a brittle and abrupt manner. The final movement was more or less justly treated.

Maurice Ondret, the first solo violin of the orchestra glided through all three movements of Bach's concerto with equanimity and equitability. The Allegro was light, graceful and faultlessly performed. The andante possessed Naylor's typical depth and overfulness. The allegro assai was performed with all due regard to the notes involved. At the end of the concerto, M. Ondret was very well acclaimed, receiving several curtain calls. His playing is characterized by flawlessness, but by little interpretation.

The Haydn symphony which followed proved the most entertaining feature on the programme. Commonly known as the Farewell Symphony, this piece is characterized by a change of pace in the midst of the last movement. During the Adagio, the players got up one by one and walk off the platform, until finally the whole orchestra consists only of the Conductor and two violinists.

The first movement marked Allegro assai, was perhaps a little restrained from its rollicking child-like nature. The Adagio, played andantissimo, was well rendered, again with the typical depth of expression. The Minuet in this symphony was a little less harshly treated than that in the other. The first part of the finale (presto) was performed with characteristic verve, while the second part, or adagio lost a good deal of its effect because of the diverting spectacle of the players quitting their posts in the midst of the movement. The exit of the second French horn was somewhat marred by two successive cacophonies which had produced before leaving the stage, while the high heels of one of the violins provided a noted percussion which the orchestra ordinarily lacks. However, apart from these two distractions, the playing was so well managed that, if one did not see the musicians departing, one would hardly have believed that any interruption at all was being effected.

On the whole, the performance was very well, falling just a little short of the first concert in the series.

## Transfigured

(Continued from Page One.)

by a well-meaning tyrannical father is still too strong within you. Or again, perhaps your social inde-

pendence made it impossible for you to acknowledge me. Could you not have been a little kinder? When you married a second time, surely your happiness was wide enough to embrace the ripples of my shallow life. I have tried hard, and so have you, but we have aimed differently; I—to be loved, you to be despised. I can never despise you—no matter what your actions or words you will not hurt me. The most you can do is to make me sad.

This letter, though, may be of some relief to you. I am going to marry Robert Johnson, the adored eligible, not because I love him, but because I am wise. I shall never, while I live, touch your life again. And, if I tried too hard to force myself within it where I had no place, please forgive me. But you see, I mistook your generosity and the money you gave me for study and clothes to be a gesture of love and not one of duty, which now I am sure it was.

When I marry, I shall be the devoted wife, content and self-satisfied. Surely substitutes can occupy one's life, though they may not fill it.

And now, goodbye. Please God, that the hatred you bore my mother has been dimmed by time to merely an unpleasant memory. Think of me sometimes, without malice or distaste.

Your loving daughter,  
Cynthia.

Next to the letter, someone had placed a telegram, dated December 18, 1912: Contents of will, Cynthia Johnson make you heir two million dollars.

Then it went on to describe the circumstances of the accident which killed Cynthia Johnson.

The room was permeated with a sickeningly sweet odor. The man on the bed looked arrogant and proud—even in rest. The odor became overpowering and heady like the odor of ether—or chloroform. —Pearlmarie

"Lady, you'll have to pay half-fare for that boy."

"But conductor, he's only four years old."

"Well, he looks like a six-year-old."

"Sir, I have been married only four years."

"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession. I'm asking for a half-fare."

—Yale Record.

Parkie, parkie little twink  
What the heck I are, you think.  
Now I'm not under the affluence  
of nicolol

Although some think-keep I are.  
I fool so feellish, I don't know who's  
me,  
The drunker I sit here, the longer  
I be. —Western Gazette.



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## De Primatibus Et Asino

By M.L.

It is a well-known fact that, whereas the Archbishop of York is Primate of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of All England.

Similarly conflicting titles of primacy are found in France—with the exception of the see of Rouen, whose occupant is undisputedly Primate of Normandy. Thus the Archbishop of Bordeaux is styled "Primate of Aquitaine," while the Pontiff of Bourges is known as "Primate of Aquitaine." Although the see of Lyons—and Vienne is that of the Primate of Gaul, and Salzburg in Austria the residence of the Primate of Germany, the occupant of the Archbishop's throne of Sens is decorated with the title of "Primate of Gaul and Germany."

This sonorous denomination is not the only curiosity to be found in Sens, whose cathedral is one of the greatest and finest of France. The motto of the Archbishops—Campan—made of the initial letters of the suffragan bishops of yore, recalls the time when the realm's capital was among them: Chartres, Auxerre, Meaux, Paris, Orleans, Nevers. But one of the most appealing and picturesque memories cherished by the people of Sens is that of the Feast of the Donkey, a mediaeval festival celebrated in connection with Circumcision Day, and which presented numerous analogies with the English celebration of the Innocents' Day with its election of a boy-bishop.

After the long ceremonies which came in conjunction with the Christmas festivities, choirboys and cantors felt the need of a change of atmosphere. Priests and Canons were banned from the Cathedral after Nine, and the "lower-clergy" staged its own version of a service. After having blackened their faces, two pseudo-canons went to the main porch, and welcomed there a Donkey, (which was to represent the ass which blew upon our Saviour's face in the Manger, who

(Continued on Page Six.)

## League Society Discuss Report

Beveridge Report Model for Others States Dr. Reid

Yesterday evening, the McGill Branch of the League of Nations Society heard Dr. W. S. Reid discuss the Beveridge report.

Dr. Reid began by showing how the report fits into the policy of the League as stated in article 23 of the League covenant. He stressed the report as giving a practical solution to the fifth section of the Atlantic Charter and as such will serve as a model for other nations. In presenting the paper Dr. Reid stressed the evolution of both the problem and steps taken towards its solution previous to the present report. The present report, however, visualizes the most comprehensive solution as yet advanced and may prove successful if taken as a part of other economic policies.

## CORRECTION

In Tuesday's "Daily," carrying a story on Mount Allison's interpretation of university war regulations, it was erroneously stated that Dr. Truman is president of U.N.B.

Dr. Truman is, and has been for sometime, president of Mount Allison University at Sackville. We apologise to Mount Allison for this arbitrary transfer of the president to a rival college.

## Around the Campus

Today: Scarlet Key Banquet in Union at 8:30 p.m. . . . Cosmos and B.W.I. will hold their Christmas party in the Union Ballroom at 8:15 p.m. . . . Conservatorium Christmas party in Conservatorium Hall at 8:30 p.m. . . . Electrical Club Supper in Scott's Restaurant at 5:45 p.m.

Tomorrow: Meeting of Radio Workshop, recording at CKAC 1:30 p.m., meeting at 3:30 p.m. in Music Room. . . . Mace social on Saturday. . . . Newman Club party.

Sunday: Student Labour Club will hold a discussion group on The Nature of Fashion. . . . The meeting will be held at 7:30 p.m. at 3619 University street. . . . I.V.C.F. will hold last of present Fireside series at 8:00 p.m. in Student House. Chapel Service in Divinity Hall at 7:30. . . . I.V.C.F. will hold a meeting in the Union at 9:00 p.m. . . . The S.C.M. Christmas party in the S.C.M. House at 9:00 p.m. . . . Mass meeting.

Coming: Christmas. . . . Annual Arts and Science Smoker at 7:30 p.m. in the Union Grill on Monday. . . . S.C.M. holds skating party on Monday at 7:30 at McGill rink. . . . Avukah meets Monday to discuss "Palestine." . . . S.C.M. Freshman party Monday at 7:30 p.m.

## Cosmopolites Hold Series Of Meetings

Members Only Admitted to Yule Parties

The entertainment committee of the Cosmopolitan Club announced last night that the club will be holding a series of two or three informal parties during the Christmas holidays for the benefit of any members who may still be in town. These will follow the same lines as the informal gatherings that highlighted the activities of the club throughout last summer.

Although no absolutely definite arrangements have been made as yet regarding these parties, it is expected that there will be two for certain and possibly three. The first of these will take place some time between Christmas day and the New Year, and the other will be held during the last week of the vacation as a compensation for the coming mid-terms.

Last summer, the club held, on the average, one meeting every two weeks. The activities were varied, including bathing, boating, riding and bowling, and usually were rounded off with a session of dancing in the evening. Suggestions for the holidays include skating, bowling and a ski weekend up north.

All members who will be in town, and who would like to attend these meetings are asked to give their names and addresses to Blanche Lemco, the secretary, and they will be notified as soon as the plans for the gatherings have been completed. These shows are open only to members of the club, and will be free of cost, apart from incidental expenses, which will be met by the members individually.

## Macc Circle to Meet Saturday

Club Social Is Last Gathering For This Year

The Maccabean Circle will conclude its programme of activities for this term with a social on Saturday night and a meeting on Sunday afternoon.

The social will be held at the home of Ruth Rodier. Tickets are now on sale at the price of 85 cents per couple. Sunday afternoon's meeting will be in two parts. First there will be an hour of music, during which selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" will be played. Thereafter the meeting will withdraw to the grillroom to hear the speaker.

Miss Saul Hayes, executive director of the Canadian branch of the United Jewish Refugee War Relief Agency, will speak on "Opportunities for achieving social benefits in post-war Canada." He will discuss the utilization of natural resources and manpower.

## Scarlet Key to Hold Annual Banquet Tonight

The Scarlet Key Society will hold its annual banquet at the Union tonight at 6:30 p.m. Both Dr. Truman and the incoming members will be present, and officers for the coming term will be elected.

Since the retiring Key is to have its picture taken before the banquet, these men are requested, by the executive to wear their uniforms, and to be on hand at 5:30 p.m.

## Student Labour Club Will Investigate Fascism

On Tuesday, December 22nd, the study group of the Student Labour Club will hold the second in a series of discussions on "Fundamental Problems of the Present War." The meeting will take place at 3619 University street, at 7:30 p.m.

The topic announced for this meeting is "The Nature of Fascism," and will deal with the basic causes and development of fascism, and conditions in a fascist state, as compared to democratic nations.

This series has been planned with a view toward reaching through common group study, a greater understanding of the factors involved in this war. The executive stated that all interested students are invited to attend and take part in the discussion.

## Newmanites To Celebrate

Xmas Party for Paid Members To Take Place

The Annual Xmas party of the Newman Club is being held tomorrow evening. The party is scheduled to start at 9:00 and members are being notified of the place. Information may be obtained from Dick Joy, W1.2465. Members are reminded to bring their membership cards, as these will grant them free admittance. There will be a charge of 75 cents for non-members.

The festive spirit of the party will be enhanced by the attendance of Santa Claus who will distribute gifts to one and all. This is only one of the features of the evening. It is rumoured that mistletoe will be provided. Members who have been busy with their school.

Christmas Carols will be led by Maurice Roche and his "Plaintiffs." It is announced that refreshments will flow freely.

This party closes the Club's activities for the present term and culminates the recent drive to collect membership fees. Members who have been collecting fees and who have not yet reported to Allen McGuire are asked to immediately.

Anybody interested in the Glee Club is asked to get in touch with Maurice Roche at LA. 9894, as the club is still looking for talent.

## R.V.C. Debaters Hold Parliament

Modern Woman In Public Life To Be Subject

"Parliament" meets again at McGill. Today at 5:15, the Women's Debating Union is sponsoring a second Mock Parliament.

The subject, "The Position of Women in Public Life" should prove of particular interest to all women students at a modern university," stated a member of the executive. The Mock Parliament is modelled after that held earlier in the year by the Men's Debating Union. The debate, which is the first to be held by the women in some time, is to be carried out with true parliamentary procedure.

Public Speaking Classes, under the direction of Mrs. Shoorbridge, have been offered since the beginning of the session. This debate will mark the end of the first term.

## Avukah Holds Social; Another Meeting Planned

The Avukah held a social last Saturday evening at the home of Miriam Bluestone. More than eighty-five people were present. Singing, dancing, and varied entertainment were the main features of the night.

Next Monday the Avukah will hold the last meeting of the first term. An outside speaker will address the meeting on "Palestine, its Structure and Part in the War." There will be a brief discussion on the subject, and then a film on "Life in Modern Palestine" will be shown. Refreshments will be served, followed by a short interval of singing and dancing.

All friends and members of the Avukah as well as Air Force stationed at McGill are invited to attend.

## Carol Service Will Feature Group Singing

Christmas Party And Hymn-sing To End Events

The annual special Christmas Carol service will be held in Divinity Hall Chapel on Sunday evening, December 20th, at 7:30 p.m. This service is under the joint sponsorship of the Student Christian Movement and the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. It will be the only Christmas worship service of a general nature for the university as a whole and it is expected that a large number of students and friends will attend.

The program will consist chiefly of congregational singing of familiar Christmas hymns and carols. The choir, which is to be composed of members of both the I.V.C.F. and the S.C.M., will lead the singing and will also render several special selections.

Following the chapel service the I.V.C.F. will hold a Christmas Hymn-Sing in the reading room of the McGill Union beginning at 9:00 p.m. This will last for about an hour and will be devoted almost entirely to the singing of Christmas hymns. A special Christmas message will be delivered by Mr. George Dugard, provincial secretary of the I.V.C.F.

The annual Christmas party of the S.C.M. will take place in the S.C.M. House, 3574 University St., immediately after the chapel service. This party will feature music, singing, games, and the usual seasonal refreshments.

## Artist Shows Talent at RVC

Sociological Pictures Form Novel Feature

Fritz Brandtner's display of children's pictures in the R.V.C. Common Room is a lively and imaginative commentary on our lives. The younger artist's pictures have a spirited dash, and a real imagination—especially the one of little girls, with short full skirts and tied-back hair, painting away at easels—where you can almost see the earnest young painter, with the same stance, and tongue stuck out, to the side in earnestness.

The purple stream tumbling down matching and toning rocks has a vigorous and healthy flow. The houses piled beside each other, one by one, have the dull dinginess that only Montreal's tenement children could appreciate. Again, they captured the elf of a harbour—murky shadows, yet still having a tantalizing interest with the arrangement well done. Most of the people who have seen them feel that the picture of a brisk snow removal on our streets was the best of all, since it had a strong sense of movement, and bright colour, as well as being laid out in a way to catch interest.

Talent there certainly is among these pictures; their jolly expressionism helps make up for technical defects; and while the perspective may look like a Chinese tea-table at times, all of them show the fresh appeal and naivete that youngsters' ideas usually have.

## Workshop Will Make Recording

Playbacks Of Records Will Be Heard

A recording of "Northward Bound" a recording of "Northward Bound" tomorrow at 1:30 p.m. at Station CKAC, which is situated in the Bank of Commerce Building on the corner of Metcalfe and St. Catherine Streets. All members of the cast are asked to be on time. The cast is as follows: Mona Bronfman, Catherine Merritt, Phyllis Schecter, Vi McCammon, Al Silverman, Griffith Brewer, Don Booth, and Stan Eiding. Larry Thor will direct the production and Charles Wassermann will assist.

All the other members of the workshop are asked to assemble in the Union Music Room at 3:30 p.m. Arrangements have been made to procure the use of a record playing machine which will play back all the records which the Workshop has made to date.

## Freshman Xmas Party To Be Held By SCM

A freshman Christmas party will be held by the S.C.M. on Monday, Dec. 21st, at 7:30 p.m. at the S.C.M. house, 3574 University St. The party will begin with skating at the McGill rink—for those who have no skates there will be games at the house—after this all will return to the house and get warm with the aid of wieners and cocoa. Dancing and folk-dancing and games will form the rest of the entertainment. Everyone who comes is asked to bring some small gift, not exceeding 15c in value, suitable either for children or for refugee students. Although this is a party especially for freshmen, everyone is very welcome.

## Claus Comes To Cosmos

West Indians Will Assist in Fun and Frolic

"I'm dreaming of a West Indian Christmas"

Where there is never any snow; Where palm trees quiver, And you never have to shiver, 'Cause there's an icicle on your toe.

"I'm writing about a Cosmopolitan Christmas,"

They're having at the Union tonight, (at 8:15) And may all your Christmases be Cosmopolite."

This was the burden of the song we heard, or rather which enveloped us in dense fog, as we interviewed a member of the executive concerned. The fog came out of his bathroom as he sang, and we listened from a discreet distance (we had already had our shower).

Not being content to put our readers off with this mere masterpiece, we waited to hear more. There was a minute's silence as he cleared his throat of soap suds. Then with a loud splash he was off again. But we didn't hear a word, because the water was running out. When he finally appeared fully clad in the new Xmas BWI-Cosmo uniform of a bath-towel round the waist and with a sprig of mistletoe in each ear, I knew he was ready to give me the low-down (or split beans) on the program planned.

He opened his mouth as if to speak. One soap bubble floated forth, another . . . another . . . rising gently and with a fascinating grace . . . he grabbed his towel as it threatened to follow.

Then he started in to describe the Christmas atmosphere to be provided. I wiped the snow off my pants and rose up off the holly on which I had been sitting entranced. So vivid were his words my hand froze on the pencil and he himself was shivering so convulsively the decorations rattled on the ceiling. Until he spoke of the warm reception to be furnished, when the beads of perspiration stood out like miniature plum-puddings on his forehead.

He told of the gifts, which unlike himself should be well-wrapped and of 10 cents in value, to be brought by guests . . . he demonstrated the dancing (until he slipped on the soap) and the singing (which we had heard before, we THOUGHT) planned for the evening's entertainment. And as he disappeared once more beneath a huge (West Indian?) sponge he chanted: "Jingle baubles (25 cents for members) Jingle Jingle (40 for non-members). We left."

## "Christianity Is Christ" Series Ends Tomorrow

The final Fireside meeting of the McGill Christian Fellowship on the series "Christianity Is Christ," will take place to-morrow night. The topic of this week's discussion is "The Meaning of Christ." The treatment of this topic will involve a summation and conclusion of the previous discussions in the series.

The discussion will be led by Ed White, Eng. 3, and everyone present will be given an opportunity to take part. The meeting will be held in the Student House, 3445 Peel street, starting promptly at 8:00 p.m. Refreshments will be served at the close of the evening.

## Arts Students to Attempt to Clarify Status; Entertainment and Refreshments on Program

Combination of Seriousness and Levity Will Go to Make a Balanced Program

The task of clarifying and off-loading the position which Artmen can best fill in a wartime world will be undertaken at the Arts' Smoker which will be held Monday evening in the Grillroom of the Union at 7:30 p.m. There will be a programme of entertainment, and refreshments will be served.

The entertainment will centre around a floor show. The exact nature of the programme is not yet fully decided, but it has been announced by the executive that an attempt is being made to secure coloured entertainers from Rockhead's and other purveyors of syncope music.

Those in charge of refreshments have announced that beer in plentiful quantities will flow, and that Coca-Colas will be provided for non-alcoholics.

It is rumored furthermore that pretzels will be served to accompany the liqueurs. Cigarettes will be plentifully doled out to all comers.

The main issue of the evening, however, will be a discussion on the position of the Artmen in wartime. Much has been said and written lately on the subject of whether Arts courses should be continued in time of war. It has been argued that the usual run of courses in Arts faculties are of such a theoretical or impractical nature that there can be no position for them in time of war. It has been variously recommended that Artmen be drafted into the army forthwith, that their courses be speeded up, so as to allow them to finish their college career more quickly and

consequently to enter the army more quickly, that they be allowed to continue their courses at the usual rate, on condition that they enter the army immediately upon graduation.

The Artmen are gathering at their Smokes Monday night to air their own views on what should be done. It is expected that they will discuss the matter from their own point of view realizing meanwhile the imminent importance of contributing to the war effort. Much has been done along these lines in many other universities across the country.

"Who's the Speaker of the House?" roared the political science prof. during an oral exam.

"Mother," responded the meek looking Frosh in the corner seat.



## From McGill To Morgan's

For a White Christmas

Dear Filice and Fili,

Here's a gala selection of gifts to solve all your "what shall I give?" questions. For him, for her, for mother, for dad, for the small fry, you'll find just what they've been wanting for such a long time, and you'll find them at the prices you want to pay. Below are a few suggestions for last minute shoppers. A merry Christmas to you all.

Filice Campi

### FOR HIM

Gloves—wool lined kid gloves in light or dark tan, and black for a Christmas gift for a very special friend. 3.95.

Downstairs Store

McGill Sweeties—he'll be happy to put on a red and white sweater. Smooth, English wool. Sizes 34 to 42.

Sleeveless Pullovers - - - - 3.50

Pullovers with Sleeves - - - - 6.95

Downstairs Store.

### FOR MOTHER

Hooked Rugs—pretty French-Canadian hobnail wall rugs depicting scenes from Quebec life . . . a grand selection in sizes and prices . . . 2.95, 3.50, 5.50

Sizes 10" x 12" to 13" x 18"

Rugs, Third Floor

Bathrobe—Give your mother a luxurious bathrobe to make her Christmas extra-happy.

American Chenille - - - - 6.95

Quilted Crepe in light floral designs 10.95

Quilted Satin in heart-warming wine and royal blue - - - - 12.95

Mademoiselle Shop, Third Floor.

### FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

Aviation Game—Junior will bless you for this "Be an Airman" game. It has been approved by the Air Council, and the royalties on it are going to the R.C.A.F. Your brother and his pals will get hours of fun and education from it - - 1.00

Toytown, Fourth Floor

### FOR HER

Perfume—a wide selection of the most delicate perfumes for the loveliest of ladies.

Chanel No. 5 - - - - 3.00, 10.00

"Mist Out" - - - - 1.75, 3.50, 6.00

Barbara Gould "Skylark" - - 2.00, 4.50

Coty's Perfume - - 1.40, 2.75, 5.50

Main Floor.

Pearls—lovely simulated pearls in long

flattering strands or short double strands.

Single Strand - - - - - 3.50

Two Strands (short length) - - 3.50

Arcade

### FOR DAD

Slippers—You're dad will be happy to stay home evenings when he can relax in comfortable opera style slippers.

Sizes 7 to 11

Soft soles and felt lined - - - 1.95

Leather soles and leather lined - - 3.45

Downstairs Store.

A Pipe—An extra pipe is always a happy present to the dad who likes to puff away over the evening paper. London made Briars are an even happier treat.

1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 4.00

Arcade Tobacco Shop.

## HENRY MORGAN & CO. LIMITED

The Store With the Christmas Spirit



## A Hideous Bit of Furniture

By R. Macdonald

It was a mirror. Never was anything so tastefully hideous, for which reason I deduced that it must be Victorian. In shape it was like a seventeenth century window, square at the bottom, and with a round, flat, arch at the top. There was nothing distinguished about the reflecting surface, but the heavy gilt frame was a wonder of ugliness. On either side rose a graceful tree, of a type yet unknown to man, consisting, as it did, of a huge gnarled trunk, and one solitary limb which extended along the top of the mirror. Around these two trees and their unique branches, a like number of snakes were carefully entwined, and their hissing heads, raised threateningly, kissed in the middle. Their eyes glowed with spurious gems, and their scaly backs were tinged with green, imparting to the gilt a mildewed, ancient appearance. Sprinkled with unnatural regularity over both trees and serpents were little rosettes, which had been painstakingly compiled of cut glass, clerical scarlet in hue. On the little shelf from which the trees sprang, stood a pair of completely dwarfed figures, which, as it appeared from their attire—or lack of it—were either a classical Greek couple, or Adam and Eve.

For awhile I stared awestruck, then, turning to Charlie, I whispered:

"Look at that mirror that's going to be auctioned next!"

Now in pointing it out to Charlie, I expected that he would burst into an enraptured eulogy on its beauties, as he usually does when such a piece is presented to him. Instead he maintained his usual English reserve and muttered in answer:

"It is rather horrible, isn't it?"

At that I knew it must indeed be hideous and I speculated: "Whoever had the bad taste to create that?" This time, however, Charlie did rally:

"You shouldn't speak of the poor fellow like that; most likely he thought it was a work of art, and poured his whole soul into it. Most likely, in his opinion, the day that was created ranked amongst the foremost days of his life."

"Most likely," I replied, and began to wonder what sort of person would have a soul which would express itself in that manner. Suddenly I knew.

Reflected in the mirror was the face of a man. It was not a handsome face, yet it was prepossessing, and the more one looked at it, the more one found in it. The height of the forehead, the tenderness of the large eyes, and the sensuous curve of the lips lent it that appearance which is usually considered artistic, and actually it was the face of an artist, for Samuel Phelps was one of the most famous of Victorian furniture designers.

He looked at the mirror he had just completed and shuddered. Why must people demand such eyesores as this, when he could produce really excellent works of art, he wondered. Some day he would create something so fine and so wonderful that the world would treasure it for its beauty, and would remember him as one of the greatest of designers because of it. But now he could not afford to make such furniture as his inner self urged him to design, for no one would buy it; he must support himself in some manner. Art, he told himself was an excellent thing, but eating was twice as important. Though all was not at rest with his conscience, yet at least his stomach was satisfied. That mattered.

"Do you really want that?" Charlie asked as he shook me out of my reverie.

"Want, what?" I queried, bewildered.

"That Louis Quatorze chair," he replied. "You shook your head, you know."

"No, I don't want anything. But it doesn't matter, someone else has bid. I was just thinking of that mirror. If I owned that horror, I'd accord it an honourable burial."

"Well," Charlie replied, "someone used it, someone must have liked it."

"I suppose so," I said, and lapsed into silence.

Reflected in the mirror was a brilliantly lighted room. Assembled among its richly conservative furnishings was a distinguished group—gentlemen garbed in immaculate and faultless attire, and ladies clad in gowns of every flattering hue with jewels that sparkled like a moonlit lake. At the far end of the room, opposite the mirror, sat the hostess, poised and dignified, graciously bidding farewell to her departing guests as they advanced to take leave. When the last had left, she sighed lightly, well-contented that all had been so eminently successful.

She glanced around the room, and her eye fell upon the mirror

opposite. She arose and approached it, laying her hand caressingly upon the less ferocious of the two serpents, and was standing thus, gazing at the glass, when a manservant entered with a letter upon a tray. Blushing slightly, Lady McQuire took the missive and smiled as she recognized the hand-writing. She opened the envelope in haste and began to read. Slowly the serenity and beauty of her features were engulfed in the surge of an indignant frown, her poise deserted her, and she stood trembling with rage and humiliation. Raising her blazing eyes, she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror, and, angered at that it should so taunt her with her appearance at the moment, she seized a heavy book from the table and hurled it at the glass.

As the fragments tinkled to the floor, she covered her face with her hands, and began to sob. She grew weaker and weaker, and in a moment her legs seemed drawn from under her and she fell faintly to the floor.

"Sold!" rang the auctioneer's cry of reluctant triumph. I looked up to see him transferring his attention from the uncomfortably ornate chair to the mirror which was the net in the collection of articles.

"This lovely mirror," he continued, "is a true work of art, ladies and gentlemen, designed by that eminent designer of furniture, Samuel Phelps. Let me acquaint you with some details of its history. It was bought originally by Lady McQuire, who, as everyone will remember, was indicted for the murder of the young Countess of Varden. When her estate was sold to satisfy her creditors, and her son, born in prison, was sent to an orphanage, this mirror was disposed of, to whom, no one knows. Later it came into the possession of the late Mr. Biggins, and now everyone here is offered the opportunity of purchasing this remarkable masterpiece, which, I am sure, has many tragic and sentimental associations. This is the mirror, most likely, in which Lady McQuire adjusted her hat on that fateful night when she set out to commit the crime for which she paid with her life; this—Reflected in the mirror was the face of Willy. Behind him stood his best friend, Henry Biggins, with whom he had been associated since their earliest years in the orphanage. The two, who boarded side by side, might always be found together; and each agreed absolutely with the other, except in two matters; but even in these cases they never quarrelled.

The first was the mirror. Since he had first seen it, Henry had been strangely attracted by it, though he realized fully its hideousness, and had pleaded with Willy to be allowed to purchase it, promising to pay any desired sum, but Madge was so firmly attached to it that Willy would not sell. Madge was the second difference. Both courted her, and both were regarded with equal favour, neither quite knowing which would be successful. Consequently, the two, together, continued to press their suit, and Madge, even if she had decided, would have had great difficulty in making known her choice.

The two were even now about to take her strolling; Willy was making some few, last-minute preparations. He looked in the mirror, smiled, and turned away. Quickly he turned back again to regard disparagingly his straggling moustache. He endeavoured to comb it into neatness, but failed. Reaching out, he tapped the soap container which he had fixed to the ledge on the bottom of the mirror, and caught a little of the liquid in his hand. With his index finger he applied it dexterously to his lip, and smoothed and arranged the errant hairs.

Henry grinned. Would he have grinned, however, if he had realized what was about to happen; if he had realized how the three would be drenched in a sudden shower, how Willy would scratch his lip, and how, while he was convulsed with knowing laughter at the result, Madge would berate him for his callous mirth and flounce off, through the rain, with poor, dear, epileptic Willy; if he had realized that Willy would be asking him to be best man at the wedding? Henry knew nothing of all this; and so he grinned.

"You're smiling," Charlie accused, "What's her name?"

"I'm not in the habit of thinking about females," I retorted, "I was thinking of that mirror."

"And you were grinning at that?" he replied quizzically; "I don't believe it. But say, that fellow is certainly using his selling personality on it, isn't he? I'll bet every female here is quaking with the sentiment he's been broadcasting for the past couple of minutes as to who owned the thing after Lady McQuire's head was removed."

"I guess so," I replied.

Reflected in the mirror was the careworn face of Henry Biggins, millionaire. As he gazed at the glass tears twisted down his cheeks. He recalled how he and Willy had lived in untidy, dark boarding-houses until the beginning of the war when Willy joined

the Ordnance. He recalled how his friend had strutted about in a misfit uniform, while he, not acceptable for military service, had obtained work in a munitions plant, and how he had risen like a cork through water until he had been able to establish himself in a factory, and to supply the ever-increasing demand for armaments himself. He remembered how he had retired from business after Willy, driving a munitions truck, had been killed by the explosion of a defective shell. He thought of Madge, who had turned to him during her last few tragic months, and of how his money was of no avail in curing her sorrow or prolonging her life. He remembered how her sole possession had been this mirror which she had bequeathed to him and how he had thus come to own the article which Willy, after sneezing inopportunely at an auction, had been prevailed upon to buy; he recalled how sympathetic Madge had been when he related that the mirror had belonged to his mother, but how, though she was sympathetic, Madge had let only death part her from it.

He felt a surge of wrath within him, and a sudden desire to smash this ghastly object which had looked so impartially upon so much seized him. Grasping an ornate but comfortable rocking chair, he climbed upon it and snatched a heavy hunting gun from the wall. Taking firm hold of the barrel with both hands, he swung the stock with all his force at the mirror. As the gun swept down and around, the rocking chair tilted, and, simultaneous with the sharp crash of breaking glass, was the dull sound of the head of Henry Biggins coming into contact with the andiron on the hearth.

"Gone!" exulted the auctioneer.

I gazed at the woman who was signing the cheque; she was the closeup counterpart of the mirror. The tight skirt of her swaggy suit was split far up the thigh and neither skirt nor coat agreed absolutely, nor disagreed utterly, with her predominantly green and yellow blouse or with her crimson hat. She was the picture of health, well painted; her black eyes sparkled even as those of the snake on the mirror; her black tresses were curled with all the tight carefulness of the coils of those creatures. I imagined her as being one who reproduced the opinions of others, as the mirror returned their reflections.

I wished her well with the bangle; I would not have owned it for a fortune, for it was truly a hideous bit of furniture.

### Harvesting

(Continued from Page One.)

fee. A fellow's gotta keep his guts warm for hard work in cold weather. If you eat fast and don't talk, you get time for a smoke. Roll yer own. Feller gets s'os he can do it in the dark with one hand. These 'ere college fellers brought tailor-made from Regina, but poor farmers can't afford 'em, 'cept in special occasions. They're good for a change—don't take your eye-brows off lightin' 'em.

Git boys! Its almost six, and the sun'll be up 'fore you ever get out there. The men pull caps over ears and work-gloves over cowhide hands. Hands calloused from daily handling of the fork; hands worn down to bare strength from constant work; hands gnarled from hard knocks and chapped by the prairie winds. Max chuckles, "Guess there'll be a few blisters handed 'round afore supper time."

The three novices eye one another, laugh, and go out with the men. Its a race to the fields: Hook up the teams to the racks, throw on a barrel of water for the engine, holler at those damned lazy sorrels and away you go. "Your cross-reins" caught under the pole, and y'better straighten that tug 'fore she breaks, young feller." Bill stops to fix his harness. It doesn't take much learning to hook up a team, but a new guy needs some practice at putting the harness on. He's apt to break the horse's ears off, gettin' the bridle over her head. Charlie won't take a bit from a stranger, —always balkin' and rearin' up on his hind end.

The wagons rumble across rough ground to where the threshing machine is parked in the middle of a large wheat field. It's a race all right. Everything's a race during wheat season. You've gotta beat the weather, else your profits'll all shot. Ain't like business, where you can fit production to the market. Snow don't wait for harvesting. You gotta get her under cover or she's a total loss.

It's a race with the neighbours too. Can't let that damn Dutchman in the next section beat us to work. The first men on the scene hook up the drive belts, and start the tractor. The foreman, George, fills the engine with gas and water, and shovels wheat in the bins. His job's to keep the outfit working steadily and smoothly. These old pre-depression separators take a lot of doctoring. Sometimes a belt breaks or slides off, or one of the boys

plugs the works with too fast a stream. Or maybe the tractor engine is pretty old too, and needs a bit of persuading now and then.

The newcomers face the fields. Endless miles of wheat, stretching away in vast chunks of 100 acres each, more or less. The land is not all put to use . . . there's sloughs, sunken ground which is often rough and too wet to sow in the springtime. There's oats and barley, and millet too. Gotta have fodder and a secondary market as well. But it's mostly wheat. Wheat for the starving millions they say. Wheat means flour and bread—when people can afford it. Tain't our fault if they can't. Railways and middlemen take all the profits. They get maybe 25c a bushel to Port Arthur, and we get what's left. And that ain't much more. Wished we had more say in this grain market. Maybe we will some day.

Wheat for the starving millions. Yes, and wheat for us too. The staff of life, the source of ordinary everyday bread. Wheat's our living. We sell it for gasoline and canned goods and repairs for the damn separator. We plough the profits back into the land mostly. We need fertilizer and fodder and binder twine.

People all the time talk about the starving millions, forgetting we've been among 'em for ten long years. They don't worry a damn about the producer. Just let him grow the wheat and give it away. That's the enterprise down East.

The farmers have gripes all right. But they love the land—the good earth which ain't always so good. And they aren't afraid of hard work. The separator seems perpetually on the verge of buckling under the strain. The frame shakes and the dust flies. But the blower keeps pushing the straw and chaff out into the wind, the great pile growing steadily but imperceptibly. Wheels whirling and chortling, and the tractor coughing its way through an unceasing apoplexy.

The keynote, speed and system. One team loads while the other three unload. Always a jag ready to replace an empty wagon. Toss the sheaves on the load. Heads in, butts out, then fill the middle. Trick is to keep the load square and solid, and work fast. The old hands push the Easterners kinda hard, grabbing three sheaves at a motion, placing them high on the load without effort. But the boys catch on, as young fellers always do. Within a week, they're field pitching with the best of 'em.

You don't stop at this job. Just holler Giddap! and Whoa! at the horses, and keep on pitching. Soon's you've got a load, climb on top and beat it back to the separator. If you're quick, you get time for a smoke. Like mealtime.

Your turn to unload. Gotta get the rack close to the feeder, Pester the horses up against the machine. They don't like the noise. You don't like the dust and ceaseless speed. Grab the fork and start tossing. Heads first. In a steady stream. Don't jam 'em in too fast, but don't stop either. A quiet elation. You're producing the goods. Here it is, the golden stream running from the funnel into the open granary. This is the stuff they fight for in the old country. If they don't get bread, it won't be our fault. God knows we want to sell it. We empty the fields. Here it is—sheaves . . . bushels . . . half unloaded . . . few more . . . touch bottom . . . clean out the scatterings . . . grab the reins and hustle back to the field. Max is getting ahead . . . gotta work faster . . . gotta earn your five . . .

Second load and it's after nine. Damn horses are jumpin' all over the place! Sheaves into separator and grain into bins. The foreman shouts "Stop the engine! Cut 'er off! Somethin's broke!" Shouting and cursing, noise and chaff. George climbs into the separator and chucks out straw. Grain's wet and tough, and plugs the works. George gets her going and you start tossing again, thankful for the short respite.

Eight loads a day per man. Maybe ten if the machine don't break down. Dinner at twelve. But no butter to announce. You're pitching bundles when the machine stops. Drop the pole and traces, climb on a horse, clap 'em on the rear, and head for the house. Solid food bucks you up. Ready for action within the hour. About four o'clock your seventh load is up. The straw pile looks plenty like a mountain. George turns the blower and starts a new one. Knees buckling and muscles aching when you pitch to the top of the load. The old man drives out with sandwiches, pie and coffee. A lifesaver; couldn't go on without it. Grab the food between loads and keep goin'. That's it, keep goin'! No time for loafing on this job, George says. One more load and its gettin' quite dark. You look at George for the sign to quit, but it doesn't come. Back to the field. Its to dark now that you can't place the sheaves right. Half a load when the machine stops.

Unhook the horses again, and ride home in an empty wagon.

Horses are always itchy for oats near mealtime. They know. And so do you.

Darkness is good on the prairies. It seems to shut out the vast distances. You see the lights of the neighbours' farms for miles around. And the fires, where they're burning straw. The lights seem close. The illusion of the outskirts of a city. Maybe Montreal, Gus thinks. Bill looks at the sky, unhidden by the form of cement blocks. Harvest moon. The real thing. Tired harvesters humming the tune.

Another good meal after the horses are fixed for the night. Not much talk. George plans the next day's attack—the small barley field to the south. Barley beards chafe the neck raw, and stick to your shirt. But it won't take more'n a day.

Tomorrow and tomorrow, with Sunday's off. Gotta beat the snow. One field after another, and the granaries are choked full. Weather gets colder and the skies threaten. Then one day you're finished, and you've beat the game. The hands all drive into the nearby village and celebrate on beer and tailor-mades that night. Most of your neighbours are done too, but some are going to be stuck. You don't give a damn for them one way or another, so long as your own crop's in.

Now we start haulin' to the elevator. Can only sell six to the acre this year. The farmer gets hooked every time. When there's no crop, he starves without help. When there's a good one—millions—he can't sell it. The eastern fellers will be leavin' tomorrow. Drive 'em in to the railroad. They didn't make out too badly, once they got the knack of pitchin'. Helped us to run four teams anyways. We ain't kickin'. The crop's in under cover. We'll have cash for the winter and seed for the spring. Maybe prices and quotas'll be better next year. That's what we're always lookin' for. By Armalac.

### The Scream

By C. M. Brooks

Such moonlight! All the leaves was silver. Even the grass was shinin', like water. And the moon looked huge and near. The air was awful still—not a sound. So peaceful-like.

It was about eleven o'clock and I was standin' all alone on the grass plot beside our old house. Mum and Dad had drove away to see a sick friend.

There was only one cottage anywhere within sight and Phyllis Ashton was up there in her bedroom. The lamp was lit and she was writin' on her new book. It seems so queer-like to have a famous authoress (she hates that word) rent the cottage and live all alone like that. But she says she's never lonesome, because all the folks in her books are with her.

She tries to make up to me, but I'm shy, even if I am grown-up, now I'm eighteen. She's give me tea and asked me loads of questions. "Local color" she wants, but I don't see no color anywhere. I don't know why she laughs so at things I says. She wants me to meet an author friend of hers, who writes "wonderful" books. She says he's so "sinneral" I'd do him good, but I says I'd rather not meet bad men. She's got a lovely home in the city. Wants me to visit her and says I'd be a "sensation". Me! But I don't care to visit "the greatest detective writer in the world." That's what she says the cricketers all calls her. She says this book will "slay" them, because of her "famous sense of humor."

She's queer. Writes in bed—all night. On a special kinder stand. Sleeps all mornin' and walks miles in the afternoons. She pays Mum to cook for her and I carry over meals. Sometimes she never eats a bite, says the "flow mustn't be stopped." We think she's mad, but awful beautiful wuth her shinin' black hair and those big, dark eyes. They goes right through me. And her finger is wonderful. I was lookin' up at her window, when I sees her light go out. It went out sudden-like.

Then the most frightful, dreadful

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scream rang out! It rose higher 'n higher. Then suddenly stopped, as if someone was chokin' her to death. My blood just curdled. I couldn't move. I was sure someone was murderin' her for those lovely rings she wears.

Then I come to. I dashed over to her place. The door was open, but the cottage was dark. All the blinds were down. I was sure the murderer was hidin' in the house. I tried to call but I had no voice. Not even a whisper!

I ran up the stairs as fast as I could, so the murderer wouldn't put out his hand and grab my ankles. I was scared, I can tell you.

I tore into her bedroom and flings up the blind so hard it falls down with a crash. There she laid on the bed—her arms flung out. I shake her by the shoulder and I cries, "Oh! Miss Ashton! Miss Ashton—are you dead?"

But she felt so warm I thought perhaps she'd just fainted from fright. So I jerks the pillows out from under her head. Then I got some water and throws it over her face.

She sits up sudden-like and her language was somethin' terrible. And it's her, if you please, that's always sayin' my grammar and tenses is awful.

"Oh, damn-damnation!" she cries. "Now I'm all wet—but never mind. For God's sake, child, light that lamp and give me my note book! Quick! Don't be so awkward. There—that's better. Now give me a pencil. Oh, Hell! The point's broken. Give me another one. Yes—that's one. Now—sit down and answer all my questions."

"Then you're not murdered?" I asks her. She was sittin' up in bed, wearin' the most gorgeous nightie I ever see—all lace and satin. Her note book was "loose leaf" and all lines. She was makin' funny markings in it. She made me sit on the edge of her bed. The whole room was dreadful untidy. Papers thrown here and there, even on the floor.

"Now!" says she, "when you heard me scream, what was your first reaction?"

I thought "reactions" was somethin' to do with soldiers, so I don't say nothin. Then she insults me. "My dear child, think hard (if possible). Didn't you feel anything moving in your hair?"

"I never had a bug in my hair in all my life!" I was so angry I gets up to go. She bursts out laughin' and says I'll be the death of her before the deadline for her book. And then she tells me that I—I'm her new heroine!

She screamed on purpose (she uses her in armature theatricals) just to find out what I'd do. She kept askin' me what my feelings was.

So I tells her the truth—I never felt nothing at all. Only some red hot needles stickin' in my scalp. And then I breaks out into a cold sweat and some icy water runs down my back. And my heart thumps so I near chokes. Then I run toward our fence. I was so excited I forgot all about the gate. I just leap up on top of the fence and over it. And then I tells her about losin' my voice.

Then I gets angry. And I tells her she's real cruel. If I ever hears her scream again, maybe when a murderer pops out of one of her books to choke her, I'll just walk calm-like into my house and

up to bed. I'll pray for her—she needs it—and then I'll go to sleep. And I don't care if s-she's m-murdered. Then sudden-like I starts to cry.

And she puts her arms around me and kisses me. She smells lovely. And she says, says she—"There, there now! Please forgive me! I've been horribly cruel. But authors are like that—at least I am." Then she starts to rave.

"Your eyes, Cissie, grey-green, like the sea—and those straight, dark eyebrows—such a contrast—and your hair—like ripe corn. Child—you're the loveliest thing I ever hope to see!"

I was angry at bein' called a child. I'm a grown-up woman. She begs me not to tell Mum or Dad. She felt sure they don't like her. I says, "That's right!" Then she laughs. "I'll try to bear up," she says, "but at least my 'cricketers', as you call them, think me 'fascinating'."

"Well! You don't fascinate me!" I cries. And I stalks out of the house. I trips on the stairs and I shouts, "Damn!" First time I ever swore. I heered her chuckle.

And I told Mum and Dad all about it. Dad made Mum real mad when he up and says, "She sure is crazy, but she's crackin' lookin, all right. Wished I'd a seen her in that there nightgown!"

Well! I think authoresses is crazy. I'm never goin' to be one.

Not me! Even if they make trunkfuls of money like Phyllis Ashton.

### A Christmas Story

(Continued from Page One.)

sides he had been well brought up, and he remembered his mother's last words:

"Never get drunk unless you are with someone respectable."

Folled again! Oh this was becoming unbearable, he was being overpowered, choked by his emotions, nobody loved him, nothing ever happened the way he wanted it to. He went home and to bed.



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# Outing Club Plans Many Ski Tours for Holiday

## SKI MOVIES SHOWN

## M.O.C. House Remains Open For Holidays

### SUN. TOUR PLANNED

### McGill Skiers Invited To Join Ski Patrol

The Outing Club is all set with a heavy program for the Christmas Holidays, and a lot of fun for those who wish to pitch in. The "Official Xmas Program" begins tonight in the reading room of the Union, with a special showing of movies.

The main feature on the program will be a sound film, which was shown last week at the Park Tugboat Club. The picture is slated to start at 5.15 and everyone is invited. The film was taken at St. Moritz.

### A TOUR A WEEK.

The Outing Club has decided to hold a tour a week from now on. Each Sunday will see a band of gallant McGillians bound for the wide open spaces. Summer or Winter, Spring or Fall, the M.O.C. will now be on the trail.

This Sunday the skiers will leave St. Marguerite early in the morning, pass behind Mount Baldy and finally end up in St. Sauveur. Johnny Brett and Mr. Van Wagner will be at the house or along with the skiers.

### HOUSE OPEN

The M.O.C. house in Shawbridge will be open during the holidays and John Brett has signified his intention of remaining there as long as possible to guide the various skiers in the choice of their trails.

The house may be reached quite easily. It is on the road leading from the Manoir des Monts hotel to the C.P.R. station. A sign will be placed on the door very soon to guide the prospective inmates of the new house.

### SNOW PERFECT

Those who went up last week report that the snow is as best as can be. It is hard and well packed, but without a crust. As good as in the middle of the winter. The ski-tows are working, so do not worry to much about the hill-climbing, although Reed Hyde maintains it is the best part of any trip. . .

The Ski Patrol organization will be working again this year. They held a meeting last night, and any member of the M.O.C. is invited to join in.

The snow is fine . . . the mountains are waiting . . . and the M.O.C. is due for a banner season of fun and activity.

## McGill Cagers Play Pats Tonight

### Vittori Leads Powerful Lineup Of Red's Opponents

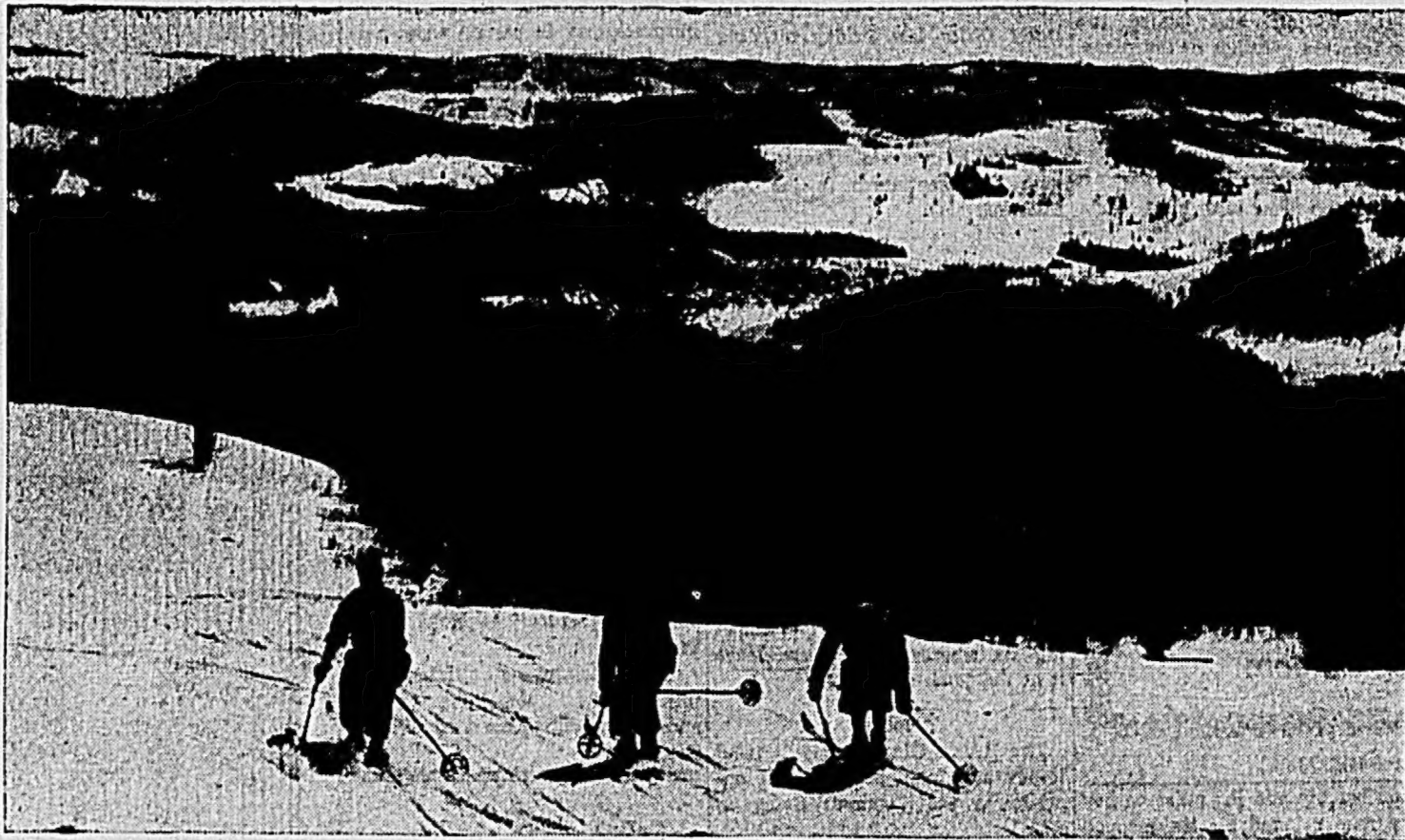
Tonight at 8.00 the McGill entry in the Senior City League will play the Pats. The latter are said to have a powerful lineup including Vittori, who played for McGill last year. Rosentzweig and Evans of the C.O.T.C. will be moved up to the Senior City League team for this game. Their place on the C.O.T.C. team will be taken by Scobie and Williams.

In the game with Georgians, McGill, without two of its star players, faced a team that had been playing together for three years and during that time developed a fine system of co-ordination which the Redmen found difficult in stopping. However, the team had not expected to lose this game, and they are waiting to play them again, but in the meantime they are out to make a good showing against the other teams in the league, starting with the Pats.

Although McGill's best stars have not shown up to their true form so far, Coach Van Wagner hopes that they will be much better now with a bad game out of their systems, and practices recently seem to be bearing out this idea. Ronnie Wilson in particular was not in top form, but was beginning to get the range towards the end of the game and is expected to lead the McGill attack today.

In the other game this week, Sir

## THE MOUNTAINS ARE WAITING



The M.O.C. has planned a heavy program for the holidays and the rest of the winter. McGill skiers will have ample opportunity to revive scenes as the above.

## Snowflakes by J.B.

Now that the snow is here again to stay, it is high time that all loyal McGillites should be thinking of skis and boots and of fresh fuel for the battle of the waxes. Skis which have been laying in dusty attics or behind furnaces all summer had better be given a beauty treatment, said treatment to consist of a loving touch with a blow-torch and many mysterious ingredients ranging from coal-tar to Wonderwax, Kilsler, Oestbye, etc., etc.

The Outing Club is on the way to a full season. The executive has decided that a tour will now be run every Sunday of the year.

Camping trips, canoe trips, rock-climbing expeditions and even Arctic exploration have been discussed at one time or another. Insofar as most of us at college are concerned, tours for both the proficient skier and the gofer constitute the main item on the agenda.

Those who took part in the trips last year will be able to tell the newcomer of many a thrilling schuss between snow-laden pines, of dodging human obstacles and of the supreme comfort of relaxing before a roaring fire-place when the day is done. You're glad to crawl into bed at 10.00, but somehow you're rarin' to go at the crack of dawn, after a breakfast in which the porridge tastes like bacon and vice-versa. You eat little, but after an hour on the trail, you'll be wishing you could sit down to a couple of banquets and knowing you could do the chef justice.

By the time lunch rolls around, doubts assail you as to the relative sizes of those few sandwiches so carefully prepared and that gnawing feeling in your stomach. The more experienced tourers will always extol on the extra energy and especially the vitamins supplied by the wax and the pine-needles that somehow always find their way into tea prepared over an open fire. It has been rumored that one outdoors man claims to be able to supply tea to a clamouring bunch of thirsty skiers in twenty-five minutes flat from the time he starts collecting the wood. He is hereby appointed fire-in-chief and may heaven help him if we have to wait one second more.

George Williams will face the Air-men from St. Hubert, who lost out in a thrilling game to the Oilers in their last game. The Flyers gave the Oilers, the dark horse in the league, a good fight before bowing out by four points, and should make a creditable showing against the powerful Georgians, according to best-informed basketball circles.

## McGill to Face Air Force In N.D.H.L. Tilt Tonight

### Army Oppose Navy in Second Game of Doubleheader Bill at Forum Tonight

McGill hockey enthusiasts will probably see another "ice battle" tonight as the Redmen skate out against the Air Force Flyers in the first game of a doubleheader. The game is scheduled to start at 8:00 p.m. at the Forum. If history repeats itself the McGill aggregate will take the Flyers as they did in the last match. Although the play was very close from start to finish the Redmen finally nosed out the Flyers by a score of 5 to 3. In the second game the Army squad will oppose the Navy entry.

### TEAMS TIED

The League now stands as it did at the beginning of the season as each team has an equal number of points. This fact should make both games very fast and furious as their outcome will decide the league standings, and as the league is getting well underway with their schedules each team is anxious to chalk up points.

### REDMEN IN THE PINK

The McGill team is in great shape and is improving at every practice. The players are showing a great deal of added enthusiasm as of late, and are setting a terrific pace at the daily practices. All the players show complete confidence in their coach, Bobby Bell, and readily accept his tips on aiding the offensive and defensive play.

### FLYERS STRENGTH UNKNOWN

The power of the Flyers remains unknown. This is due to the fact that as of now they have never had the same team out twice for a league game. The Squad packs

plenty of punch, however and has shown some excellent men amidst their Galaxy of players. Tonight they possibly are to feature Pete Morin, former member of the N.H.L. Canadiens' Razzle Dazzle Line.

On their first line they have three performers well known to local fans in Ray Mullins, Jimmy Planche and Pat Desbiens, all with previous senior or professional experience. The second line is the Spitfires' Kid line of Bill Navily, Bruce Buddett and Larry Gatschene. This trio hails from Stratford, Ont., where last year they were on the club which captured the Ontario Junior "B" title. They played junior hockey for three years in the Ontario town before joining the R.C.A.F.

### C.O.T.C. BAND ATTENDS

The McGill C.O.T.C. Band will attend the game and give their rendition of several March Pasts between the periods of the game. Members of the C.O.T.C. and U.A.T.C. are invited to attend the game. If they go in uniform, however, they must first sign the attendance records in their respective orderly rooms.

### GYMNASTS

The final regular work-out of the year for the Gymnastic Club is to be held today at the Gymnasium. All gymnasts are asked to be present. The McGill Gymnastic Club has been asked to put on a Display at the Central Y.M.C.A. on New Year's Day and details of this are to be discussed.

### Coed Basketball today:

B1 vs. B2 in the R.V.C. Gym at 5.00 p.m.  
C vs. R2 in the Montreal High Gym at 5.00 p.m.

### Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Do not forget the gymkhana on January 26. Bring your friends and enemies to see a demonstration of military tactics, gymnastics, and coed activity.

## B., W., and F. Meet Ends Successfully

### Blood Flows As Boxers See Action

Last night at the Gym the finals of the Assault-at-arms took place, and were featured by some very interesting and active bouts.

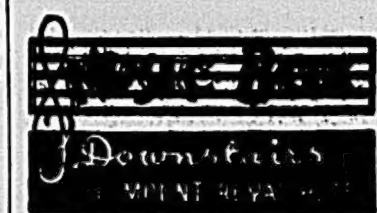
In all of the matches competitors showed considerable skill in both winning and losing causes, while among the boxers particularly there was no lack of courage although some of the boys were rather out-classed. Among the best bouts of the evening was a 135 lb. struggle between Guy Grimaldi and Tommy Bishop. Three weeks ago these two met at the M.A.A.A. and Grimaldi won a decisive decision but last night the tables were turned as Bishop slugged his way to a very close victory. The final results follow:

125 pounds: Eddie Lawland vs. John Polls (D).  
135 pounds: Tommy Bishop vs. Guy Grimaldi (D).  
145 pounds: Carlucci vs. Gray (D); Findl vs. Darragh (D).  
155 pounds: Norm. Halford vs. Norm Keenan (D).  
165 pounds: Ron McKinnon vs. Jim Darragh (D) K.O.  
175 pounds: George Frank vs. Ed. Gauthier T.K.O.

Tommy Parr, boxing coach is pleased by the response and the general way the fighters handled themselves. There was plenty of blood and knockdowns as the boxers went to it in a great way. 155 pounder Normy Halford put up a great fight in his class.

As we go to press, the wrestling results and others have not yet been compiled, and we are sorry not to be able to include them.

## Your Downtown RENDEZVOUS



## It's good to get back to the OLD SONGS



It's good to get back to

# BLACK HORSE

Canada's finest ale—brewed by DAWES for five generations

### OUTING CLUB HOUSE

Members of the outing club who wish to stay at the M.O.C. House at Shawbridge during the holidays should make their application to Mrs. Hendrie at the Athletics Of-

fice.

The house is completely furnished. It contains kitchen and living-rooms with sleeping accommodation for ten men. The charge is 50 cents per night.



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The tonic effect in wearing these Suitings creates a feeling of confidence.

GUARANTEED BRITISH MANUFACTURE



The Rake's Progress

(Continued from Page Two)

"No, said the Owl, evilly. "But I'll take a g-whashat, Von Hiccup?"

"Aaah!" cried Von Hiccup, teetering on the edge of the gunpowder pit. "She shellars of Bordeaux are oush. Come on!" (falling in).

"Yipeel!" screeched the Owl, forgetting the fraulein, and doing a twenty-seven foot broad-jump into the pit. The Bat poised gracefully on the end of a crane, and swan-dived off into the dark opening.

"A wine shellar, and all for ush," giggled

the Owl, striking a match. "Leshee, whash'll we open firash? We'll shart. . ."

A flight of Lancasters, returning happily from a trip to Turin, were very nearly blown out of the sky by a terrific explosion just over St. Popboombang, near Bordeaux, Occupied France.

"Phew!" breathed one of the pilots thankfully, as he at last righted his plane. "Our Commands sure fixed the St. Popboombang Dynamite Works! Wotian explosion! Hope they got away, poor devils."

"Hey!" interrupted the voice of the rear gunner, over the mike. "We've got three over-

grown gremlins on the starboard rudder. Shall I shoot them?"

"Great Balls of Fire!" explained the P.O., pecking out an beholding three very nude and blackened creatures perched on the tail of the plane, singing happily in discordant tones the old international refrain, "Gaudemush igitur, juvenesh dum su-oooo-mush," the rest of the song fortunately disappearing in the slipstream. A boat-hook reached out and hauled the drunken chorus into the confines of the plane. The Owl and the Bat had accomplished their mission!

(Next week's thrilling instalment—"The Owl, Yogi of Yokohama.")

for them at the Daily Office. (1).

Lost

Nine keys on a small ring. Will finder please leave with Bill Gentleman or at Union Tuckshop. (1).

Lost

One fountain pen. Green Ever-sharp streamlined pen, left in the Daily Office last Friday morning. Finder please return to the Tuck Shop in the Union. (3).

Lost

3 keys on a chain. Please leave with Bill Gentleman in the Arts Building. (1).

Lost

A pair of tortoise shell glasses somewhere in R.V.C. Will the finder please leave them at the desk in R.V.C. (1).

Notice

Will the person who took the wrong pair of overshoes from the home of Miriam Bluestone last Saturday night, please call Willie Segal, DO. 1897. (2).

Lost

A grey Waterman fountain pen in the McGill Union. Anyone knowing its whereabouts, please leave it at the Tuck shop. (2).

Notice

The R.V.C. Glee Club will meet to-day at 4 p.m. in the room opposite to the Common Room in R.V.C.

Lost

One Larret's Senior Algebra book. Will finder please leave in Bill Gentleman's office, or call AT. 0926. (2).

Lost

One pair of gold-rimmed glasses in case marked E. B. Merowitz, 5th Ave., N.Y. City. Possibly at C.M.H. or Med. Bldg. Finder please notify James Violette, Med. 4, MA. 9038. (2).

Lost

A green Parker pencil. Somewhere between the Arts Building and Redpath Library. Finder please leave in Bill Gentleman's office or return to L. Sahany, R.V.C.

Wanted Immediately

One copy, Duncan and Starling's "Light, Heat and Sound." Will even buy my own copy from the person who "found" it. Bob Stewart, Engineering Building (or leave with Fred Barton).

Pre-Medical Society Meeting

PRE-MEDS WILL MEET IN THE MCGILL UNION THIS AFTERNOON TO HEAR DR. J. F. MCINTOSH ON "HOW TO CHOOSE A MEDICAL SCHOOL"

Student Labour Club

On Tuesday, Dec. 22 the study group of the Student Labour Club will meet at 3619 University St. at 7.30 p.m. The topic to be discussed will be "The Nature of Fascism."

All members of the club and any others interested are invited by the executive to partake in the group.

Choir Practice for Carol Service

There will be a choir practice at the S.C.M. house, 3374 University St., on Friday at 5 p.m. All members of the S.C.M. and I.V.C.F. choirs are requested to attend. Will all those who had red S.C.M. hymn books please bring them to the S.C.M. house, as they are needed for the service. They will be returned after the meeting.

A. R. P.

Will the girls taking A.R.P. please watch the R.V.C. notice board to see if they won an A.R.P. certificate. Coeds who win these awards are asked to pick them up at the Physical Education Office some time before the end of the term.

Bridge Club Results

North-South: %

1. Hollstrom-Lalonde ..... 68.5

2. Dall-Cambridge ..... 57.0

3. Robitaille-Pontbriand ..... 56.7

4. Marlen-Brown ..... 54.8

5. Lafontaine-Lang ..... 42.4

6. Culver-Sutherland ..... 22.4

East-West: %

1. Macaulay-McCrea ..... 60.0

2. Leavitt-McKeown ..... 55.5

3. Routledge-Kirwin ..... 50.5

4. Johnston-Becker ..... 48.9

5. Ault-Woolley ..... 46.1

6. Carter-Dunn ..... 44.5

7. Mabon-Moore ..... 41.6

Notice

There will be a rehearsal of "A Murder Has Been Arranged" at 4.30 p.m. in the Music Room of the Union. (5).

Club Hispanico

Because many students are leaving early for the Christmas holidays, the Spanish Club officials have cancelled the meeting scheduled to take place on Tuesday, December 22nd. The next meeting will be held sometime in January and will be announced at a later date in the Daily.

Found

Near R.V.C. a package of Christmas cards. Call Filzroy 4962.

Lost

Will anyone finding copies of Bedaire's French Literature and of

Coondreau and Lowe's French Composition, please phone Wa. 1802.

Wanted

Any Botany IA text book, by J. McKenna. Call EL. 7020.

Notice

The transfer of money from Great Britain to Canada for educational purposes may in certain cases now be facilitated. Will all students whose homes are in Great Britain and whose parents or guardians are still there, please report at once to the Registrar's Office.

F. Cyril James, Principal.

NOTICES

Will the following men call at the Athletics Office as soon as possible for their "fees" for umpiring games in the Inter-Company Softball League.

SKI MOVIE

The M.O.C. will show the ski film "SLALOM" at the Union 5.15 p.m. Friday, December 18th. This is a picture you should not miss. "Truly magnificent. . . An exhilarating, lovely and thoroughly amazing picture."—New York Times.

"Breath-taking . . . stirring and miraculous . . . something to see and marvel at."—New York World-Telegram.

Maw: "Did you give your penny you've lost it?"

Kid: "I know, but that guy's luck for Sunday School collection?"

Kid: "Naw, I lost it."

Maw: "But this is the third week can't last forever."

—Western Gazette.

The Santa Claus Murder

by Stephen Leacock, Jr.

(Continued from Page One.)

trigger finger ready, his brain cool. It had to be done, and if they caught him, well—But Johnny didn't quite see how they could. He had gone over everything with such painstaking care. He had even spent the evening before locked in his garage—to avoid chance interruption—while he reviewed every minutest detail of what he had to do.

He didn't have long to speculate as to his future if things went wrong, for it happened that Erwin Vanbury was on time for the appointment which he did not know he had made. Johnny saw him coming and moved gradually into the middle of the sidewalk so that when Erwin went by he and Santa Claus were almost touching elbows. And that was the last thing he knew. The cigarette he was smoking fell from his lips, he staggered a few feet and then fell, and a crowd instantly gathered about him.

Johnny threaded his way in the opposite direction through the people who were straining forward, their minds dominated by wonder and confused alarm as they strove to discover what had happened. Johnny made for his car which he had parked earlier on a side street and entering it unnoticed sped quickly away. When he reached home he drove straight into his garage and there, while still in the car, he divested himself hurriedly of the Santa Claus suit, and tied it up in paper which he had provided for the purpose. The crime, he reckoned, was still only fifteen minutes old. He entered the house in his ordinary clothes.

He found his sister in the sitting-room. He had not seen her for about twenty-four hours, as she had spent the night at a friend's, and now as she looked up Johnny was struck with amazement at the change in her face. All trace of her recent tears seemed departed, and the rosy red of her cheeks suggested nothing of the former hysterical flush which had been there.

Helen got up and threw her arms around her brother's neck. "Oh, Johnny," she said, "I've something to tell you that you'll scarcely believe. Erwin and I were married yesterday afternoon—yes, actually married!" She was half laughing, half crying now. "I'll never know what caused him to have such a change of heart but I'll always believe in a merciful Providence after this. Incidentally, we tried to phone you in the evening, Johnny, from Grace's, but you didn't answer."

Not on This Day, My Son

By Uriah Heep

(Continued from Page One.)

not eat, instead he kept looking at the gun, not daring to take it in his hands while at table . . . but his eyes he could not take off the new treasure.

It did not take Fritz very long to learn how to shoot. With his father's expert guidance he was soon able to hit a bird in flight, or a running fox, and even a galloping deer was not safe when he had set his mind on killing it.

Fritz did not like killing, he just liked shooting at things, and when they moved, and were alive he just found it far more interesting.

When there was a lot of snow on the ground and the trees were bent with their heavy burdens, when the birds hopped around on the snow, when the foxes ran around hungrily, and the deer sheltered under the overhanging trees, then Fritz would go out with his father, their guns in their hands, their hats pulled down over their eyes, and shoot at something occasionally, just to keep in practice; but these trips were not made for hunting, but to inspect the various hedges and fences, to see that nothing had been broken down by the snow, by avalanches or fallen trees, and above all, to see that no poachers entered the count's estates. When they did shoot at something, it was usually a bird or a fox, and once a month . . . the great day for Fritz . . . once a month they shot a deer; during the winter season when the count brought down his friends from the city, the deer had to be left to him alone . . . except one.

On Christmas day, 1938, Karl and Fritz Schulz were again going on one of their tours of inspection, when, late in the morning, they crossed over the hills, and entered a narrow valley. It had snowed heavily for weeks, and the paths were quite obliterated. The trees and bushes seemed practically crushed by the weight they carried.

As they stood at the top, about to descend, Fritz suddenly stopped short . . . at the foot of the hill stood a magnificent deer! They were walking against the wind, and so the animal had not scented them, and just stood there, its head up proudly . . . looking into space.

Fritz pulled up his gun, they had not shot their deer yet that month, and this was surely one of the best specimens they had in the whole estate. He was just taking a good aim, when his father grasped the barrel of his gun and pulled it away.

"Not on this day, my son," he said gravely, "this is Christmas, we do not kill on Christmas day . . . never."

The deer had heard him talking, it cocked its head to one side, suddenly gave a jump . . . and was away.

Fritz was furious, he turned to his father, while in the face. "Not on this day," he hissed, threw his gun into the snow, and walked away alone.

Unexpectedly Karl Schulz contracted pneumonia, and in three days he was dead. That was in autumn, 1939; War had broken out, and Fritz had to join the army. He knew nothing about politics and very little about Hitler, and certainly did not understand why he should fight England and France, but he fought, because he was told to . . . because he had to. He fought in Holland and in France, in Greece, and then in Russia.

On the Russian front he was cold, and for the first time in his life he was afraid. The snow was much worse than at home, and there were no trees to look at, and no deer and foxes, just plains, and plains and snow and snow . . . and Russians, many of them.

Fritz, owing to his excellent shooting was a sniper, and occupied an advanced position in one sector of the central Russian front.

On Christmas day, 1941, he was sitting at his post, waiting for some activity which did not seem to come. Only a few planes were battling overhead, and to Fritz the score seemed quite even . . . three Germans, three Russians. A machine-gun behind him was firing into space occasionally, why he did not know.

Then suddenly he saw one Russian plane, which was pursued by a German fighter, break into two pieces in mid air . . . it looked amazing . . . Fritz stared . . .

Then he saw a parachute opening a little further below . . . ah, the pilot," he thought . . . "I will not let him sabotage our lines, he will

die before he gets down. But perhaps he has no arms with him? Pilots never have." So he thought, and the parachute was coming lower and lower, "still he is a Russian, and therefore I must kill him in any case." He lifted his gun, aimed . . . "Not on this day, my son," a voice said within him, "this is Christmas, we do not kill on Christmas day . . . never."

Suddenly he heard a burst of machine-gun fire from behind him. . . . He saw the parachute folding up, and like a helpless bundle the man shot towards the ground, and vanished in the snow.

White with rage, Friedrich Christian Schulz turned around. "Not on this day," he hissed, and threw his gun into the snow.

And Apollo Smiled

by Victor C. Goldbloom

(Continued from Page One.)

the woman less agitated, with one hand on her hip and the other on her husband's shoulder. After a moment the man relaxed his ire, stepped down from the platform and walked briskly across to the desk by the door; the woman followed, standing behind him as he sat down and unlocked the central drawer. Together they began to total up the income of the day.

Still they did not notice the young man opposite them, until suddenly there he was before them, erect and proud in his shabby suit and his worn, inadequate overcoat. They were not startled, but rather surprised as if they had been expecting all of Paris to be at home on this Christmas eve. There was a momentary pause, then the wife spoke: "Can we do something for you?" she asked.

"I was wondering," he said slowly, choosing each word as he came to it, "whether you might find use for a musician of ability, and experience."

"Perhaps," said the husband, "have you conducted an orchestra?"

"Yes, many times—in Dresden, and in Magdeburg."

"You are German, then?"

"Yes, Leipzig is my birthplace."

"Are you able to score a modern melody for orchestra?"

"This is my present work."

Wife and husband glanced at each other; a moment passed before the man spoke:

"You begin at ten tomorrow morning; your salary is fifty francs weekly, more if your work satisfies."

The young man bowed stiffly, but with cordiality, and turned to go. "Merry Christmas," called the woman.

He turned. "Merry Christmas," he replied, and smiled.

"Just a moment," said the husband, "what is your name?"

Without speaking, the youth took from his pocket a small handwritten card and extended it, drawing himself up to his full height and dignity. The husband took it, read the name twice in silence, and looked up at the strange, gaunt figure whom he faced. Over his shoulder, his wife peered closer at the neat, angular script, then read aloud in a querying tone devoid of recognition:

"Herr Richard Wagner?"

And Apollo looked down, and smiled.

De Primatibus

(Continued from Page One.)

helped the Magi to unload their treasures in front of Him, and was finally to carry on its back the Virgin and Child to Egypt during their flight). This donkey was solemnly led to the seat of the Precentor, and presided over the strangest Vespers even an ass ever heard. It was a concoction of fragments of all the hymns sung throughout the year. Sad chanting alternated with gay carols; the donkey was fed and watered; then he was taken processionally into the nave; old slippers were burnt in the censers instead of incense, and everybody imitated the ass's braying. Then the procession returned to the Choir, and the "Prose of the Donkey" was sung.

Instead of the final benediction, the "celebrant" cried "Hee-Haw, Hee-Haw, Hee-Haw," and the congregation cheerfully answered, "Hee-Haw, Hee-Haw, Hee-Haw." Then everybody came out of the cathedral and dances and ribaldries went on until midnight. The Precentor was then asperged with three pails of water, and the choir re-entered the Church for Mattins.

Archbishop Pierre de Corbell composed himself the "Prose de l'âne," of which a translation by "Me" is here given:

From the lands of Orient Came a lowly donkey, Beautiful and strong, most Apt at heavy burdens.

Hail, Sir Ass, Hail!

Here midst hills of Sichem Grew he up by Ruben; Then he crossed the Jordan, Leapt to Bethlehem,

Hail, Sir Ass, Hail!

Bucks and harts and kidslets, Leaping he outshone them; Swifter was he than the Madian dromedaries.

Hail, Sir Ass, Hail!

Jewels from Arabia, Myrrh and scents from Sheba Bore he to the Church, this Treasure of a donkey.

Hail, Sir Ass, Hail!

While he draws the wagon Laden down with burdens Ever do his strong jaws Grind the hard, dried straw.

Hail, Sir Ass, Hail!

Barley ears and wheat he

Eats along with thistles. In the yard he threshes Grain from off its stalk. Hail, Sir Ass, Hail!

Say Amen, O Donkey, Sated now with grain; Say Amen thrice over. Spurn the things of old! Hail, Sir Ass, Hail!

Notices

Notice

Notes are posted on the R.V.C. War Service board for the following students. These should be collected immediately, as they are urgent.

Joyce M. Tyrrell, Executive Director, W.S.P.W.

Aiken, Joan  
Boyle, Flo  
Burton, Ruth  
Dobson, Virginia  
Erzinger, Joan  
Gerckenovitz, Tobá  
Gherman, Ruth  
Hanrahan, Pat  
Hopkins, Pat  
Inns, Shirley  
Lafontaine, Dorothy  
Lain, Eleanor (4th Yr.)  
Lemesurier, Margaret  
Lerman, Bella  
Reilly, Betty  
Wright, Mollie

Missing

Will the person who took by mistake a pair of black rubbers size 6½ at the Avukah Saturday evening kindly return them to Bill Gentleman's office or call CA. 9985, Miss D. Mazer.

First Year R.V.C. Arts and Science

Your class picture is to be taken on Wednesday, Dec. 16th, on the steps of the Arts Building. Please be there at 1.00.

Lost

In Union Grill Room on Friday, a Peterson straight grain briar pipe with a saddle bit. Finder please telephone Gerald Benjamin, CA. 4163.

Lost

Airforce Hat lost in Physics building. Please leave with Bill Gentleman. (4).

Found

Seven keys near the Roddick gates. Telephone Ma. 3454, or come

This Christmas Give War Savings Certificates

The best gift of all is the easiest to buy! You can buy War Savings Certificates in a jiffy at EATON'S . . . in the War Savings Stamp Booths on the Main Floor, the Post Office on the Second Floor, or at the D.A. Office on the Seventh Floor. We also have a special display of clever and ingenious ways to include War Savings Stamps with your little gifts and greeting cards. See all the many War Savings ideas on the Main Floor.

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